Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

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Maine Farmer.

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

1833---The Maine Farmer---1870.

The first number of the "*Kennebec Farmer and Journal of the Useful Arts*," was published at Winthrop, Jan. 21st, 1833, with E. Holmes as Editor. It was an eight page paper, the size of the printed page being 7¼ by 9¼ inches. The name *Kennebec Farmer* was retained until March 18th of the same year —nine weeks—when it was changed to *Maine Farmer*, which title it has ever since borne. The motto of the first number—which has since been retained, was: "Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man." Its original publishers were Wm. Noyes & Co., the terms being "$2.00 per annum if paid in advance." We have in our possession the first volume with the exception of the first and a part of the second numbers. The paper was well made up and neatly printed: the editorials brief and pointed, the selections appropriate and seasonable, and the communicated articles practical and sensible. We have a portion of Vol. 3d, the page having been somewhat enlarged, and measuring 8 by 11½ inches, eight pages to each number. We have almost the whole of Volume 5, by which it appears that the paper was then published at Hallowell, by Wm. Noyes. This was the year 1837. It was published a year or two in Hallowell, when it was purchased by Marcian Seavy, and again removed to Winthrop. In 1844 it was purchased by Russell Eaton, and removed to Augusta. Mr. Eaton continued its proprietor until 1859, when it was purchased by Messrs. Homan & Manley. Mr. Manley retiring from the firm in September of that year in consequence of declining health, Mr. W. S. Badger purchased his interest, and the publishing firm and proprietorship of the paper have remained unchanged to the present time. In 1846 the paper was enlarged to very nearly its size previous to our present enlargement, one column to each page being added, making seven columns to the page. The paper commenced with two hundred subscribers, and at no time during the first seven years of its existence did it number more than eight hundred. The changes in the editorship of the paper have been less frequent than its changes of proprietorship. The name of E. Holmes as editor, occupied a prominent place in each issue from Jan. 21, 1833, to Feb. 16, 1865—a period of thirty-three years. Dr. N. T. True occupied the position of senior editor from March 9, 1865 to March 6, 1869. At various times, for a brief space each, W. T. Johnson, Esq., Russell P. Eaton, and Geo. E. Brackett, have been connected with the paper as associate editors. The present writer has been connected with the paper since 1861, with the exception of a few months in the winter of 1863—4.

When the MAINE FARMER was established, there was but one agricultural paper in New England, and but six in all North America. There are now eight in New England, and more than one hundred within the territory of the United States. Of those who were early connected with the agricultural press of our country, but one remains; the venerable though still active and vigorous editor of the *Country Gentleman*, LUTHER TUCKER, Senior. Fessenden, and Skinner, and Buel, and Bement, and Cole, and Hill, and Holmes—pioneers in the cause of improved agriculture, and earnest advocates for intelligent and skillful labor—are all gone. At that time there was but one agricultural society in Maine, and but three or four in the United States; now there are in Maine one vigorous and useful State Agricultural Society, twenty-nine incorporated county agricultural societies, a Board of Agriculture, and no less than seventy-five organized Farmers' Clubs; while almost every State in the Union has its State Agricultural Society, and county, district and town societies without number. Then there was not a threshing machine, a mowing machine, a horse rake, a tedder, a grain drill nor a sewing machine in existence; now the mowing machine is found upon almost every farm, and the sewing machine in almost every home; while better implements of every kind are common in the hands of all workmen. Then there were but one or two nurseries and one or two agricultural warehouses and seed stores in the country; now they are numbered by hundreds, all doing a profitable and extensive business, while immense factories are devoted to the exclusive manufacture of agricultural implements and machines.

Such are some of the contrasts between the present time and when the MAINE FARMER made its first appearance—a period of thirty-eight years. One of the most powerful aids to the improvements chronicled, and one without the existence and hearty support of which the others would never have been, and the world would have been dark, is the PRESS. Strike the press out of existence, and the world would relapse into barbarism—encourage and support it, and you continue to advance farther into the clear light of wisdom and knowledge. For the aid it has extended to progressive men, for its influence in promoting the improvement of our agriculture, for diffusing useful knowledge among the industrial classes, and for its share of the general improvement in agriculture and the arts of civilization and social life (consequent upon the agency of the press) the MAINE FARMER, claims its full share—and no more—of credit and honor. We are not, however, unmindful of the fact that what good the old FARMER has thus far accomplished, has been done by the co-operation of all. We have received the assistance of tried and faithful friends, both in "money and brains," and by this assistance have been enabled the better to satisfy our patrons. In order to keep pace with the times, and to more completely meet the demands of our readers, the Publishers present the present issue—the commencement of Volume XXXIXth—in an enlarged form, printed upon a superior quality of paper, and from new, large-faced type, which can be read with ease by the oldest members of the family circle. During this volume the paper will also be liberally illustrated with cuts of animals, fruits and flowers, implements, and other objects of interest to our readers. As the improvements and successes of the past have been brought about by co-operation, so whatever good the FARMER may hereafter accomplish, must be done by the same hearty assistance of those who are willing to impart as well as receive information. To those who have thus labored with us, and now feel compelled to part company, we wish the blessings of "Peace and good will" forever; and to those who may help us anew to roll on the ball of social improvement and industrial progress, we extend the hand of cordial good-fellowship, hoping that the time spent will be profitable and the journey pleasant to all.

Statements of Exhibitors.

The Hancock County Agricultural Society, at its exhibition the present year, offered one hundred and sixty-eight dollars in premiums for field crops. In response to this very liberal amount offered, there were thirty-one entries in this class; but when the committee met, Nov. 11th, to make the awards (a sample of the crop being exhibited at the time of the Fair, accompanied by a statement of the manner of growing the crop, the latter to be presented at the meeting of the committee at the time above stated (it was found that but two out of the thirty-one had complied with the requirement, and presented written statements in due form. In commenting upon this fact, the committee on crops—of which Samuel Wasson, Esq., was chairman—present a somewhat lengthy report, an extract from which we give below. We believe the committee have not placed too much stress upon the value of the various statements furnished by exhibitors. They are of vital importance to the agriculture of our State. It is true, as the committee remark, that these statements are "too often faulty and meagre in the extreme," but at the same time they are as so many steps in progressive agriculture. The conditions under which the respective exhibitors reached success, may not be such as another would employ to the same end, but as a part of our agricultural history they should find their way into the annual volume devoted to a record of the progress of agriculture in the State. Heretofore such statements made a part—and not the least valuable part of these reports—and we believe if they were again published as formerly, more real progress in farming would soon follow, than has been observable for the past few years. Even if but two out of thirty of the exhibitors comply with the requirements, or if but one out of ten of the statements are worth publishing, let the requirements be enforced, and the intelligent statements given to the public, and before many years the wisdom of the plan, and the benefits of the statements will be apparent. The committee just alluded to remark:

"The object of the State in the payment of annual stipends to the several county Societies, is not only to foster agriculture, encourage the growing of paying crops, but to elicit from the producer the *how* it was done. To this end, it is required that one competing for field crop premium, shall, as a preliminary step, exhibit at the Fair a sample specimen, a peck or a bushel, as the case may be, of the crop for which a premium is expected; then after harvesting, furnish to the committee a *written statement* of the mode of culture, character of the soil, kind and quantity of manure, and the result as shown in crop produced. If competitors, through neglect, or unwillingness, fail to furnish this desired and valuable information, they can receive no premiums. These *written statements*, so sparingly furnished, and too often faulty and meagre in the extreme, are of vital importance to progressive farming. They, when clearly elaborated, put the farming community in possession of valuable information, just that kind of information which is so earnestly sought for by every intelligent cultivator of the soil. It is simple telling, *in writing*, the conditions of success by which the writer becomes a public benefactor, in that he tells the way that others may emulate his example, and be rewarded with like success. While on the other hand, this 'mum,' farming indicates an unhealthy agriculture, and why are farmers so averse to advertising the results."

Editorial Notes.

We have alluded elsewhere to the commencement of the new volume of the FARMER, and only wish here to return sincere thanks to our friends for their generous support, to our correspondents for their kind assistance in helping us to present a good variety of practical reading in successive issues, and to our brethren of the press for their uniform courtesy in the past. We hope for a continuance of all these favors in the future. With greater facilities than ever for producing a paper especially adapted to Maine farmers, and for the home circle, we shall leave nothing undone to merit the support of our patrons, the aid of our correspondents and the good will of our editorial brethren.

Major Lorin Adams, of East Wilton, has been elected a member of the Board of Agriculture from Franklin county, for a term of three years.

Mr. Joseph Carter of this city recently killed a pig seven months and twelve days old, which weighed, when dressed, 361 pounds. The pig was fed entirely on Indian meal.

Our correspondent "G.," in his letter transmitting the report of the East Turner Farmers' Club, which we publish in another place, says: "The Club has a reporter whose business it is to report all discussions, essays, &c., are placed on file with the Secretary, for future reference or any other purpose desired." This is a very good plan and is recommended to other clubs. Instead of simply placing them on file, wouldn't it be better to have them appear in our columns that all may be benefitted thereby?

In the awards at the late Sagadahoc County Fair, as published in our paper of Nov. 12th, the types made us say that the first premium on wheat was awarded to "John Wheat of Bowdoinham." The error is not so bad, however, as might at first appear. Mr. John White, one of the best farmers in town, is the person who received the premium, which was for seventy-two bushels grown the past season. With the thought that the above amount of wheat had been grown by one farmer in Maine, it was an easy thing for our compositor to make White, Wheat.

In 1845—twenty-five years ago—the editor of the Massachusetts *Ploughman* came from Boston to Winthrop to attend the exhibition of the old Kennebec Agricultural Society. So rare were these fairs in those days, and so extensive was the reputation of the "Cattle Shows" of this pioneer Society.

The Meeting at Farmington.

As already announced, the time for holding the winter meeting of the Board of Agriculture at Farmington, has been fixed for the 4th, 5th and 6th of January; and we notice by the *Chronicle* that a committee has been raised, at a meeting of the delegates of agricultural societies in the county, to make arrangements for an exhibition of fruit and field crops and discussions upon the same. The *Chronicle* remarks: "We ought to feel complimented that the Board have selected our village in which to hold its next session. Let nothing be left undone to prove that the citizens of Franklin county are interested in whatever tends to benefit and promote the science of agriculture." The following additional particulars in regard to the session have been forwarded us by Secretary Goodale:

"Inasmuch as the country adjacent to the place of meeting possesses unusual facilities for dairying, it has been deemed expedient that the lectures and discussions should be mainly (but not wholly) directed to this subject; and more particularly to the method now adopted in those sections where this pursuit is most successfully prosecuted. X. A. Willard, Esq., of Herkimer, Co., N. Y., well known as the best practical and scientific authority on Dairy Farming, will treat of butter and cheese factories. Rev. Mr. Gurney of Foxcroft (who has for years resided in the centre of the best dairying district of New England), R. P. Thompson, Esq., of Jay, and others, besides the members of the Board will be present, and assist by lectures, papers, discussions, &c.,

Free return tickets will be furnished to those attending the session, who come over the principal railroads of the State. Farmers' Clubs are specially invited to be present by their members and delegates."

Fattening Sheep in Winter.

We believe the winter fattening of sheep, to be sold for the butcher the latter part of March or first of April, might be made a profitable thing for the farmer; even with the somewhat limited demand for mutton so general in our country. A few of our farmers have tried it in a small way, and are satisfied the hay, roots and grain fed, brings them a better return than it would if converted to money by any other means.

Whoever wishes to try it, should begin on a small scale, and learn the business from experience. Begin with a lot of fifteen, or at most twenty, and see how you succeed. Some essentials are to be observed at the outset, among them these: Have a good feeding shed, well ventilated and lighted, and provided with some sort of a feeding rack, constructed in such a way as to save fodder, which is indispensable. Furnish a supply of pure water, and keep salt, ashes, &c., where the sheep can have access to it. Keep the yard or pen well littered, that the sheep may have a dry chance to lie down. Absolute quite is indispensable to fattening sheep, Mr. Jurian Winnie, an experienced sheep feeder of New York, found that sheep in a secluded shed, visited only to be furnished with feed, litter, &c., fattening much faster than those in sheds situated where there was considerable passing and re-passing. Feed clover hay twice a day, and barley, oat or pea straw once a day, at noon. For provender give corn, or corn and oats, with peas and oil cake, if not too expensive. Whole grain fed to fattening sheep has been found to give better results than ground grain. Give roots of some kind twice a week. The manure (and litter) of fattening sheep forms a most valuable fertilizer for light run out land.

In this connection we illustrate a Leicester ewe; the breed being highly prized for fattening purposes. They require good keeping and good care. They mature early, and take on fat readily. The wethers at fifteen months old average from 80 to 100 pounds each, and at two years old 120 to 150 pounds each. A cross with the Cotswold improves the constitution, and gives heavier hind quarters, in which the Leicester is somewhat defective. This breed is being quite largely introduced in some sections of the State, taking the place of the Merinos.

Honey from Sugar.

Mr. R. S. Torrey, of Bangor, the inventor of the United States Bee Hive, which was awarded the first prize at the late State Fair in this city, says that good honey can be made from common brown sugar at a cost not exceeding twelve cents a pound. After the honey producing plants are out of blossom, he feeds sugar, and thereby obtains a large amount of surplus honey and very often strong late swarms. The Belfast *Progressive Age*, speaks of this method as follows:

"The hive exhibited by Mr. Torrey at the Fair in this city, was flanked on the top and two sides with boxes which had a communication with the hive, and the main hive and these were packed solid full of honey; the outside boxes containing upwards of 75 pounds; that quantity being more than will be needed to winter the swarm. This large surplus quantity was obtained by feeding sugar to the bees, after the blossoms had gone. The bees made just about an even pound of honey for a pound of sugar. Capt. I. M. Boardman, of this city who has been practicing on Mr. Torrey's plan has, this season, procured several very late swarms which would not have wintered, and, by transferring them into the Torrey hive and feeding sugar to them, has enabled them to lay by a store more than sufficient for their winter food. This is a valuable hint to bee keepers."

A Note from Mr. Prince.

In response to our request for further information concerning the apple forwarded us by Mr. Brown, of Carroll, we have received the following from Hon. Rufus Prince, of Turner. Cannot some of our Topsham subscribers, where Mr. Brown procured his scions, give us the name and origin of this apple? It is not a "Blue Pearmain"—of this we are sure. Mr. Prince writes.

"The first time we ever saw the apple was at the exhibition of the North Penobscot Society the present fall, where it was shown as a 'Blue Pearmain,' and I was informed by Mr. Brown that that was the name given him where he procured the scions. Being much pleased with the apple, I took some specimens to Androscoggin, and have shown them to many of our leading fruit growers, but have not found any one that ever saw a tree as very hardy and productive, this together with the size and beauty of the fruit must make it a valuable acquisition to our late fruit. In shape the apple resembles the Baldwin (although much larger) and in color the Black Oxford, with a slight tinge of red."

A Question of Law.

"Will you give us your opinion as you understand it upon the following case: Mr. A and B own lands adjoining. A's woodland and B's mowing land lie side by side. Twenty years ago B said to A, I shall never wish to turn animals on my mowing land, and therefore shall build no fence on the line, you must see that your animals do not come on my mowing lands. As A's pasture lies contiguous to his own woodland, he builds a permanent fence between his own pasture and woodland, and throws out his own woodland as common. After a lapse of twenty years, A sells his farm to C. Mr. C now wishes to turn his grass land to pasturage, and notifies A to build his fence upon the line. Will the law oblige him to do it? And if not can Mr. C turn his cattle upon Mr. A's woodland?

C. H. W."

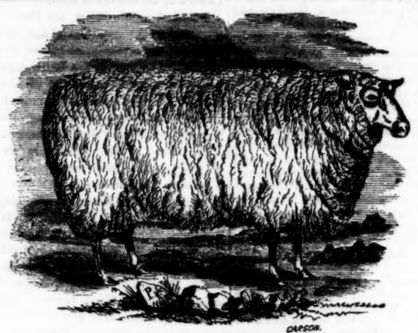
NOTE. Mr. C cannot oblige Mr. A to build his portion of the line fence between them, because the woodland belonging to Mr. A has been turned out common, woodland being regarded as unimproved land. This being the case, Mr. C need not prevent his cattle from running upon Mr. A's woodland, it being common, but on the other hand, Mr. A must keep his cattle upon his own land—this being one of the plain points of common law.

Improvement of Low Meadows.

Our correspondent A. B., Kent's Hill—from whom we are always glad to hear—puts in a vigorous plea for the present open weather to be devoted to clearing up, smoothing and improving the spots of low meadows or swamps found upon most of our farms. The bushes should be cut, the stumps dug out, the ground drained or ditched, and seeds of the cultivated grasses sown upon spots where brush may have been burnt off. By this means a load or two of hay can be obtained, where nothing of worth is now produced. And decent kind of hay it makes, too, and young cattle will eat it with a relish, once a day, during the coldest weather of winter. By mowing, and as these low places are cultivated the better grasses come in, and the quality of hay is improved. Our correspondent inquires if blue joint will work in such meadows, and if the seed can be found at the seed stores. Will not some one who has had experience in this matter please respond.

Agricultural Patents.

During the year 1869, nineteen hundred patents upon agricultural subjects were issued from the United States Patent Office. The more prominent matters were classed as follows, plows and attachments to plows, 255; harvesters and attachments, 195; planters, 150; cultivators, 150; churns, 130; rakes, 90; seeding and sowing machines, 80; harrows and pulverizers, 80; bee-hives, 62; separators and smut machines, 50.



FULL BLOOD LEICESTER EWE.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Orchards---Plowing and Dressing.

More than thirty years ago, our parents moved from the city of Bath, and for the children's sake, purchased a farm in the good old town of Hallowell; and although the location was unfavorable to the growth of the apple tree, our father immediately commenced to set out an orchard of young trees. He labored patiently for years, often battling with discouragement and disappointment; and yet ever hopeful, ever watchful and exercising the tenderest care, he finally triumphed over every difficulty, and when, twenty-five years ago, we moved from the place, he had the proud satisfaction of knowing that he left behind a good legacy. He had reared and established a fine young orchard, many of the trees having borne fruit. Having occasion to pass the farm and orchard a few weeks since, I noticed that many of the trees were large and thrifty looking, the limbs of which fairly bent to the ground beneath the burden of fruit. Is there not encouragement in this? The soil was not suitable, it being mostly a clay loam; yet by perseverance the reward was sure. What was accomplished there, may be much more easily accomplished where everything is favorable to the growth of the apple tree.

Almost as soon as we were fairly moved and established in our present home, our father commenced grafting some of the older trees, —which bore only natural fruit, but were otherwise thrifty and healthy—and transplanting young trees. I well remember his purchasing from a nursery in Hallowell one hundred trees for ten cents each, and setting a row from the roadside nearly to the forest. After they were set one year, they were all engrafted, some into Baldwins and some into Russets. By constant care and generous nursing they have lived and thrived, and are now large trees, bearing an abundance of fruit.

We have lived here nearly twenty-five years, and during that period our orchard has been trimmed many times; but of late years some of the old trees have been sadly neglected, and are fast filling up with dead limbs and suckers. They ought to be pruned most assuredly. We must *take* time; for if we wait for that leisure time when we can attend to it just as well as not, it will never come. Why not apply the saw and pruning knife this fall and early in the winter, and remove all the old dead limbs and unnecessary suckers or sprouts. I say unnecessary sprouts, for some of them might advantageously be left, where the old top is nearly gone, and engrafted next spring into Baldwins, or some other profitable fruit.

Shall we plough among our orchards? We have ploughed some portions of our orchard with decided benefit, but always exercised extreme care, ploughing very shallow, not cutting off any more roots than we could possibly help, and wherever the plough struck a large one, backing up to avoid breaking; yet I really believe the benefit was derived not so much from the ploughing, as from the application of the manure, which was put on *freely*. There is one portion of our orchard containing an acre and a half, which we have never ploughed. Have top-dressed it two or three times within twenty-five years, and it also receives in the spring time some of the wash from the barnyard. It has never yet failed to produce a good crop of apples when there were apples, and the land a good crop of hay. There was certainly two tons of good hay to the acre this year, one of the dryest seasons. That speaks well for top-dressing. The top-dressing was composed of muck, manure, ashes and a little lime, well mixed together; it was also spread on liberally, so that the ground was literally black. The effect of such top-dressing will not be so manifest the first year as in years following, as I have before mentioned. We shall in the future use more lime, for we are convinced that [illegible]

Some people declare that you cannot raise a good crop of apples and a good crop of hay at the same time, from the same ground. We beg leave to differ. Dame Nature frequently contrives to upset the most plausible theories, and when artificial aid is called in, she not only asserts her dignity, but her power to obtain the most astonishing results. There was in our orchard this year a heavy burden of grass and a very heavy burden of apples. True, there was nothing astounding in this, but quite often men of means, time and patience have produced such results. We have never gathered Bellflowers that were really large and nice until this year. They were large trees, thrifty and healthy looking, but have always borne small fruit. For the past few years we have top-dressed the land around them lightly; have also ploughed about them and manured heavily; under four trees we spread two cart-loads. By such treatment the trees have undergone a great change, looking more healthy, the leaves of a darker green, and the fruit more than twice the former size. I believe with Col. Sweat, "feed the orchards liberally, and they will produce liberally."

At another time I will tell you how we have managed with our young trees; not that it is the best way, not that we can teach anybody, not that we have ever done our whole duty by the trees; but to show to what extent we have succeeded, and to what extent, through carelessness and neglect, we have failed.

Hallowell. W. P. ATHERTON.

For the Maine Farmer.

See to your Wood Lots.

Now is a good time to take a look to your wood lots, and see what ought to be done there; for there is always a great deal of partially decayed and down wood, that has been accumulating throughout the year, and perhaps longer, which ought to be cut up and got together before the deep snows of winter come on, so that it may be hauled to the house for fuel for the next season. Such a course is beneficial to the remaining wood, for after being thinned out and cleared up, it gives the remainder a better chance to grow, besides presenting a better appearance. It also makes a great saving of other, and better or sounder wood; and as wood is growing more and more scarce every year, no farmer can afford to let any go to waste. And it is a true saying, that a neat and saving or thrifty farmer can be told by his wood lot, as well as by the appearance of his fields, or his buildings or fences. Therefore it behooves every owner of a wood lot to look over it once a year at least—just at this season—and let none go to waste.

This is also a good time to cut fencing stuff. Every intelligent man will tell you that if fencing stuff be cut in the fall, or in the early part of winter, it will last much longer than if cut in the spring; therefore cut it now if possible, and haul it when needed; as it can be done more easily on the snow than at any other time, and it is also more handy to have it in readiness when the hurrying time of spring arrives.

And if farmers would make it their practice to do more of such work, (getting ready for spring's work) a great deal of time might be gained thereby—an object of no small account with most farmers; therefore make it your rule to do everything that possibly can be done in the fall and winter, to facilitate your next season's labor.

A. E. FAUGHT.

North Belgrade, Nov., 1870.

For the Maine Farmer.

Muck as an Addition to the Manure Heap.

We often hear the question asked, and it is often a subject for discussion at Farmers' Club, "How shall we increase our manure?" How can we double the amount of manure without diminishing its strength, is to be understood, I presume, by the manner of asking the question. There are many ways to add to the heap, and not materially lessen its value. Straw and chaff absorb, and help to retain the liquid; also sods and earth from the roadside; and muck may be used for the same purpose, and perhaps with equally as good results as either of the others.

Some, I know, are opposed to the use of muck in any way, (unless it be to grow grass for bedding, I never heard it objected to on that score), but the better class of farmers, I am confident, will say, "dig the *muck*, mix it with your manure, work it over, and incorporate it with your barn yard manure as thoroughly as you can." If there is no value in muck itself, no one will deny but that it will absorb and retain liquid, be it liquid manure, or simply pure water; but is there not *some value* to muck, *in itself*? I think there is. On most of our meadows, the muck has been slowly accumulating for many long years; yearly the grass, and leaves from the trees cover its surface; little or none of this can wash or blow away, and tho' it be ever so slow, it adds *something* to the vegetable matter designed by Nature to decompose on the surface of our meadows.

And this vegetable matter is valuable as dressing. Vegetable mould (rotten leaves from the woods,) is often used for house plants, and thought to be a valuable agent in securing the object in view—obtaining strong and thrifty plants. Then why should not muck, which is a decomposed vegetable matter, be valuable in growing our field crops? By no means would I advocate its use in the *place* of our manure, but as *one* of the means to *increase the amount*. The foundation must still be barn yard manure; that must be our bank, and from that must come our means to raise paying crops; but in that bank we may make deposits of sods, weeds, road scrapings and muck—all will add their mite to the general fund from which we draw; and if the muck bed is the best place from which to get both bulk and value combined, with which to increase our manure, then let us go there for it; if not, then let us know from whence it is to come. Perhaps I will tell something of my experience at a future time. Let us hear from others.

A. B.

Kent's Hill.

For the Maine Farmer.

Cultivate the Beautiful.

Your correspondent, "John Dewberry," has anticipated me, in writing a few words in favor of "G. E. B.'s" article on "Farmstead Esthetics;" and I must say that I am glad to see it. A love for the beautiful, has a refining and ennobling influence upon the mind and heart of every one that comes under its gentle sway. Ar J. D. says, "all have somewhere, though it may be hidden deep, a love for the truly good and lovely;" and none are more susceptible to impressions, both good and bad, than the hearts of children, according as they are taught. How quick they will recognize and yield homage to the beautiful, in whatever form it is presented to their view. If parents try to crush out all their love for the lovely, by making their homes bare of all lovely or beautiful objects, and only planting or raising or keeping just barely what they can utilize, or turn into money, what can they expect of their children? A love for the beautiful is strongly implanted in their hearts, and if it cannot be gratified at home, will they not turn from that home as soon as possible? How many young men have gone down to ruin from that cause alone? There is the theatre, the beer and billiard saloon—how gorgeous, how beautiful, how attractive! The more plain drawn thither as the unwary spider who has furnished it, knew he would; he has provided a lure for every sense; *he knows* that it will not take very strong cords to bind his seuse of beauty captive, and through that secure his poor victim; and when he has him secure, it is but a few steps further down the ladder to utter ruin. This is not an overdrawn picture, for hundreds go down every year, who, if their homes had only been made attractive to them, would have been loath to leave it even for a palace; while on the other hand, if they are brought up to

"Work, work, work,
With labor that never flags,"

merely a treadmill existence, ignoring all that is tasteful and beautiful, they either become too much "men of the muck rake," of whom old Bunyan speaks "looking no way but downwards, and raking at the straws, and small sticks, and dust of the floor," as the poor soul, starving and thirsting for something better and more beautiful, wherewith to satisfy it wants, if chance presents, will, as I said before, grasp it, no matter in what form it is presented to their view. And therefore I think it is a parent's duty and should be his pleasure, to make the home as tasteful and attractive as his means will admit; and he will find it will not only add to his *children's* pleasure, but his *own* will be increased fourfold. Try it and see.

Monroe. A. B.

For the Maine Farmer.

Meteorological Observations.

An abstract of the meteorological observations taken at the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, for the month of November, 1870, by Prof. M. C. Fernald:

Latitude 44 deg. 53 min. 10 sec. North.		
Longitude 68 deg. 38 min. 57 sec. West.		
Altitude above the sea, 134 feet.		
Mean temperature for the month,		35.58
Maximum temperature,		50.8
Minimum temperature,		21.0
Mean of warmest day,	(3d,)	52.0
Mean of coldest day,	(30th,)	23.6
Mean per centage of cloudiness,		.55
Amount of rain or melted snow in gauge		5.608 in.
Amount of snow,		5.5
Mean height of barometer in inches,		29.702
Maximum " " "		30.240
Minimum " " "		29.194
Mean force of vapor sufficient to sustain a column of mercury in height,		.172
Mean humidity of the atmosphere,		.77

Direction and force of winds:—N. W & W., .47; S. W. & S., .28; S. E. & E., .07; N. E. & N., .18.

A meteorological record of the weather, &c., for the month of November, 1870:

	Sunrise	1 P.M.	Sunset	Mean
Mean of month,	32 1-6	42¼	38¼	37½
Maximum,	52	58	57	56 3d.
Minimum,	17	28	22	24 30th.

Six days north and northeast wind during the month; two days east and southeast; seven days south and southwest; fifteen days west and northwest; prevailing wind northwest. Mean warmest day, 3d, 56 deg.; mean coldest day, 30th, 24 deg. Mean of November for sixteen years, 36 deg., so the past November was 1½ deg. warmer than the average. Warmest November in sixteen years, 1860, 41¼ deg.; coldest, 1858, 29¾ deg. Mean of November, 1869, 34 deg; 1870, 37¼ deg. or 3¼ deg. warmer than last year.

Month warmer than the average, with frequent, though short, storms of rain. Month rather windy, with quite a number of small snows; ground remained unfrozen during the month, and up to the present time is good plowing, which has been well improved by farmers.

Yours truly, J. F. BLAKE.

Winterport, Dec. 2, 1870.

For the Maine Farmer.

To Prevent Mice from Gnawing Trees.

I have kept my fruit trees from being girdled by mice for years, and thinking that it might benefit some of your numerous readers, I will tell you my method. I cut a piece of birch bark, from a tree about a foot in diameter; cut a piece about eight inches wide (perpendicularly,) and long enough to go once and a half round the fruit tree; warm it a little by the fire to make it curl; put it around the tree close to the ground, and it is safe from the mice. The bark may remain there for years. S. P.

Orono, Nov. 21st, 1870.

Farmers' Clubs.

For the Maine Farmer.

East Turner.

The East Turner Farmer's Club organized for the season the evening of Nov. 7th, and chose the following officers for the coming year: Benj. Allen, President; J. L. Gilbert, R. S. Coolidge, Vice Presidents; Z. A. Gilbert, Secretary; Alden Rose, Treasurer. This club is one of the oldest organizations of the kind in the State, being first organized in 1858. Its records never showed a large number of members, neither does it boast of its mental caliber; for none of the professions have representatives among its numbers save that of the farmer; but in real earnestness, in genuine enthusiasm, in perseverance and punctual attendance, it is worthy of imitation. Through the knowledge gained at its meetings, many erroneous ideas have been uprooted, and true theories and correct practices have taken their places. It has had no outside influence or assistance, no lectures or essays from men of letters. The knowledge gained has come from the sturdy, practical farmer alone. The old members who first started it, are still active in its discussions and deliberations. Several cattle shows have been held under its management.

At a meeting held Nov. 10th, the question of "Breeding and Feeding Pigs" was under discussion. A. G. Day, in opening the discussion, said that the success or profit of growing or fattening pigs depended very much, in the first place, upon the breed. He had not succeeded well in growing the pigs which are now found among the farmers of this vicinity. (These are grade Chester, bred from not very choice selections, and with little or no attempt to develop the best points.—*Rep.*) They require too much rich and expensive feed to get them fat and heavy. Never had succeeded in getting so thick pork from them as from other breeds. The Newbury Whites were a very desirable breed, and much better feeders than we now have. He could make the same quantity of pork from a half blood Suffolk, on two-thirds the food required by the grade Chester. From his own experience he could highly recommend the Suffolks, both the grades and the pure bred.

L. Gilbert once thought that all depended upon the feed and care; but had learned from experience that there was a great difference in the animals fed. No rules can be laid down for feeding, for different breeds should be fed differently. The Suffolks should not be fed on concentrated food when young, for it is their nature to lay on fat; while a Chester should be kept fat from the first. The Suffolks if fed on rick feed would fatten, and never breed. Referred to several instances where such had been the case. Good, comfortable quarters should be given them at all times.

J. L. Gilbert said the first thing should be light, sunny quarters, and a dry bed. Pigs are not dirty animals from choice, and want their quarters comfortable. As a general rule, pigs will not fatten till they have obtained their growth. Pork is cheapest made from pigs kept till a year and a half old. Would feed pumpkins and potatoes boiled, and a little raw corn. Young pigs should be well learned to eat before being taken from the sow. If they eat well, they may be taken off at three weeks old, provided they be fed on milk.

C. Gilbert said there was much difference in breeds, still much depended upon care, and upon the comfort of the animal. Pigs should not be taken from the sow at four weeks, as is the custom, but should remain with her five or six weeks. They are often overfed when first taken off. Sows should be fed lightly for a week or two after dropping their brood. Young pigs should be fed as soon as they will learn to eat it, with a little dry corn. They should be kept in a warm, dry apartment.

Alden Rose said that pork should be made at as cheap a rate as possible. He had practiced buying pigs in the fall and killing them when about a year old, when they usually weigh about four hundred pounds. He got as heavy pigs at that age as others usually got at eighteen months. Pigs growing lame in winter, or "crippling," is owing to neglect. Warm, dry, sunny quarters, where they will exercise freely, an occasional run out in the yard on pleasant days, and a plenty of warm food [illegible] Sour milk, and best scraps of a fair price, is the cheapest feed for growing that can be obtained.

S. Rose said that he had practiced feeding growing pigs on raw food, and had found no difficulty, but they would thrive when fed in that way. Breeding sows may be fat, and do as well as when thin. Crippling is owing many times to over feeding—they become too heavy for the strength of bone. Whether they will pay for the feed given them depends much upon the breed fed.

B. E. Allen believed that aside from the breed, almost everything depended upon care. The pure bred Chester was a little too large; while the Suffolk was a little too chunked; a cross of the two made a very good pig. Sows cross when dropping their pigs, are made so by ill treatment. They appreciate a kindness, and will resent a blow. Young pigs can be learned to eat well at three weeks. Sows while sucking their pigs, should be fed the first two weeks upon light food. Wheat bran is good. After this the feed may be improved in quality and increased in quantity. The fourth week they may be fed heavy. After the pigs are taken off the feed should at first be reduced.

Benj. Allen believed growing pigs well was one thing, and growing to a profit was another thing. To secure the greatest profit, we should feed largely on cheap, unsaleable feed. They could be grown well on cheap food if well prepared. Vegetables of all kinds should be cooked to realize the best results. He had fatted pigs well on cooked vegetables and a small quantity of meal. In this way the expense is light. They should be fed regularly, and never over fed. Practiced killing at eighteen months and believed the pork cost less than that killed at eight or ten months. Mixed breeds or crosses are the best. Pure bred pigs, as found around the country, are generally bred in and in too much.

G.

For the Maine Farmer.

South Brooks.

The South Brooks Farmers' Club has organized for its winter campaign, and the meetings will be held on successive Thursday evenings. All farmers and others interested in progressive movements, are cordially invited. The following are the officers: Gersham Hamlen, President; Isaac G. Reynolds, Vice President; Geo. Thompson, Chas. Austin, Recording Secretaries; Omar G. Hussey, James Austin, Committee of Arrangements; Lindley Bailey, Collector and Treasurer; Lincoln Hussey, Corresponding Secretary, Librarian, and Cabinet Keeper.

Norway.

The citizens of Frost's Corner, Norway, have recently organized a Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, at which Amos F. Noyes was chosen President; Charles W. Ryerson, Vice President; James Smith, Secretary. Col. William Swett of South Paris, gave a lecture on "The Benefits of Farmer's Clubs," and remarks were made by Dea. Samuel Merrill, Col. Phelps and Sumner Burnham, Esq. Messrs. Burnham, Perry and Smith were appointed a committee to report a set of by-laws for the Club. At the next meeting, "Clean Cultivation" was to be discussed.

Paris.

The Paris Farmers' Club is in a flourishing condition. Mr. Geo. Hammond is President. At their last meeting, the question "Does Stock raising pay?" was discussed, and continued for the next meeting.

Household Economy.

To our Lady Readers.

In this column, each week, we propose to place whatever in our opinion will interest our lady readers, in regard to their various household duties, and to it we invite contributions of original or selected receipts, hints in domestic economy, &c., &c. Let us hear often from our farmers' wives and daughters.

Milk and Provision Rack.

Above we illustrate a most convenient rack for holding pans of milk, provisions, &c., which has the advantage of being durable and compact, and at the same time so simple that any one who can shove a fore-plane or mortice a square hole, can make it. It is so constructed that a free circulation of air is allowed around each pan or dish placed upon it. For the cellar or dairy-room, we know of no article more convenient, as it takes up but little room and can be changed from place to place as desired.

For the Maine Farmer.

House Plants in Winter.

I don't know much about plants, not half so much, I dare say, as many of your readers. I have two good sized windows pretty well filled, say forty or fifty pots, all of them of the very common, old-fashioned varieties. I haven't a "novelty" in my whole lot, and don't know as I could tell you the botanical name of a single plant, if I should try. But having seen lately in your columns an inquiry in regard to the care of such plants in winter, and having waited many weeks for some experienced person to respond, without having seen any such answer, I venture to give a few words concerning my way—which is, of course, not the best.

In the fall when I bring my plants in from the garden, I give them enriching material because I believe they need it. I think a fuchsia needs as much manure as a hill of corn; so I put into each pot about a spoonful of the same phosphate which my husband puts on to his strawberry bed, and at about the same time. Mix it well with the mold in the pot. I water my plants with tepid water every other morning; some kinds require more water than others—this every one who has kept plants at all, readily understands. Change the positions of the pots every few days so as to give a uniform growth to the plants. Don't be afraid to give your plants air; they need fresh air every day, and the window should be dropped at the top to keep the air pure and at a uniform temperature. About once in two weeks during the winter season, I give my plants a thorough showering. Place the pots in a wash tub, sprinkle with a watering pot or garden syringe and carefully rub the leaves with a wet sponge. This gives them a clean look, and renders them healthy and vigorous. I find the dust which has collected upon the leaves will not come off except by this slight rubbing of the leaves, which should be done with care, so as not to injure the leaves.

A. N. N.

For the Maine Farmer.

To Sweep an Oil Cloth Carpet.

I am a man—you will infer this from my hand writing, so I will not try to conceal the fact. The other morning in passing through my dining room, our girl was in the act of putting the broom into a bag made of old cotton cloth, the top of which was brought up about the broom handle and tied or pinned. I asked what she was doing. She replied that she was going to sweep the room, and as the broom did not take up the dust and dirt from the carpet she had invented this device, which "worked to

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, December 10, 1870.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.
$2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Special Notice to Subscribers.

The great expense we are incurring for the enlargment and improvement of the FARMER, renders it necessary for us to begin the year with as large number of advance paying subscribers as possible. We have many names upon our list who are in arrears for the paper for one, two and three years—some of them for a still longer period. According to our published terms, these delinquent subscribers are charged at the rate of $2.50 per annum, which they are legally and morally bound to pay. We wish to make them a proposition, which we think all of them will regard a liberal one, and of which we truth they will take immediate advantage:

All persons in arrears who will send us the amount now due, at the rate of $2 per year, and two dollars in addition shall receive credit for all past indebtedness, and for a year's subscription in advance. **This offer to stand open until the 1st of January, 1871.** *All payments made at this office, or by mail, or to our authorized agents, previous to that date, will be credited in accordance with the terms above stated.*

Collectors' Notices.

MR. S. I. SMALL will visit Franklin county during the month of November and December.

MR. S. N. TABER will canvass the county of Waldo during the months of December and January.

MR. V. DARLING is now canvassing Knox county.

Our New Volume.

Our readers will observe that with this number, in accordance with the announcement in our Prospectus, is commenced a new volume of the MAINE FARMER, and we think they will share in the gratification which we enjoy in presenting the paper to them this week in an enlarged form and in a new, and to our taste, an exceedingly becoming typographical outfit. The heavy outlay which these improvements involve, amounting to an expenditure of not less than *seven thousand dollars*, will be regarded, we trust, as an earnest of our desire to make the paper worthy of the patronage which has so generously rewarded our efforts in the past, and which we shall strive more strenuously to deserve in the future.

It will be noticed that we have enlarged the paper by adding a column to each page, extending each column to a proportional length, thus enabling us to make a material increase in the amount of matter which we can furnish to our readers. The paper in its enlarged form is nearly or quite one-fourth larger than the previous volumes. The large handsome, clear faced type upon which the new volume is printed, will be regarded, we trust, by our readers, as by no means the least attractive feature of the improvements which we have made in the paper.

In closing this brief word to their patrons, the publishers would take the occasion to suggest to those of their subscribers who may be in arrears, that the present is an excellent time to square accounts. The little yellow direction slip will accurately inform them of the amount of their indebtedness, and we shall not seriously object to receive from them subscriptions in advance. We desire to think well of all our subscribers, and it will amazingly improve our good opinion of those we refer to if they will promptly act upon this suggestion and remit the sums due to this office, either by mail or through our local agents.

☞ Congress assembled on Monday last at the usual hour, and the two Houses were called to order by their respective presiding officer. Nearly all the Senators were in their seats, and there was the usual full attendance of representatives. After the ordinary preliminary proceedings in the Senate, a variety of bills and resolutions were presented, including bills by Messrs. Cole & Casserly, to abolish the income tax, and a resolution by Mr. Sumner to suspend the cancellation of United States notes and fractional currency. In the House the President's message was received and read. Other unimportant routine business was transacted, and a bill to supply the omission in the last Indian Appropriation bill was reported by Mr. Dawes, and passed.

On Tuesday, the principal business was the reference of the various topics of the President's message to the several committees.

SUICIDE IN THIS CITY. We learn from the Kennebec *Journal* that Mrs. Amy P. Newman, wife of Mr. Joseph Newman of this city, committed suicide on Thursday morning last, by drowning. She was visiting at her sister's, Mrs. Henry Williams, on the river road, in what is known as North Augusta. On several occasions she has been afflicted with partial insanity, rendering it necessary for her friends to carefully watch her movements. She arose Thursday morning quite early and remarked to her sister that while she was preparing breakfast she would sweep the parlor. Breakfast being ready, Mrs. Newman was called, but there was no response. The house was searched, but she was nowhere to be found. On proceeding to the yard her footsteps were traced to the river where her body was found in shoal water a few feet from the banks of the river. Life was utterly extinct. Mrs. Newman was a worthy, christian woman, and universally beloved.

☞ At a parish Sociable held at the residence of Rev. Mr. Moor, on Wednesday evening last, a very pleasing incident occurred. This was the presentation of an elegant gold-headed ebony cane, by Mr. Moor, on behalf of the members of the Winthrop street Sabbath School, to Mr. John H. Hartford, for many years the faithful and devoted Superintendent of the School. Ill health having recently compelled him to resign his charge, this testimonial was presented to him in acknowledgement of his long and useful services, and as a token of the affectionate personal regard in which he is held by the members and friends of the Sabbath School.

☞ We learn from the Newark (N. J.) *Advertiser*, that Mr. Geo. Shepard Page, a native of Hallowell, in this State, but now a native of Stanley, Morris Co., N. J., engaged largely in the manufacture of felt in that place, has recently built and furnished at his own expense an edifice to be devoted to the free religious and secular instruction of the young people who have no other means of obtaining education. The cost of the building, grounds, furnishing &c., exceeded $12,000. The building was dedicated by appropriate exercises on Wednesday last, Mr. Page delivering the opening address.

☞ The elegant fonts of type upon which the *Farmer* is printed this week are from the New England Type Foundry, Messrs. Bailey & Gilbert, Boston. The press-work is done on a new Cottrell & Babcock Cylinder, manufactured expressly to our order, and the folding by a new machine folder just completed and set up in our office by S. C. Forsaith, of Manchester, N. H. The cost of new type and machinery alone for the new volume is more than four thousand dollars.

☞ On Wednesday morning last a little son of Nathaniel Watts of North Vassalboro', aged six years, while playing in the entry of the school-house, slipped and fell. Just then a large boy, named Jepson, pushed another young man named Soule over backwards, and he fell directly upon the stomach of the little lad, injuring him so that he died the next morning.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS. On and after next Monday, there will be a display of moss work, fir emblems and fancy articles, at the store of the Misses Noble on Winthrop street, just above Waverly Hall. Give them a call.

Pruriency in the Court-room.

The most noticeable thing about the audience that daily crowded the court-room during the recent trial of Edw. H. Hoswell for the murder of John B. Laflin, was the large number of women in attendance. They were mostly young, with a personal appearance that would bespeak for them anywhere else as great a degree of modesty as is possessed by the average of women. But standing in that miscellaneous throng, drinking in with the breath the foulness that poisons the body, and with the ear the foulness that poisons the very soul, what can we say of them there? What modesty can a woman have who with a face unaverted from the public gaze will voluntarily listen hour after hour to the details of a trial in which it is attempted to prove the fact of adultery as a justification for the crime of homicide? Everybody knew that such a plea would be set up in the case, and no modest woman should have been present voluntarily.

Worst of all was the presence of quite a number of young persons, both boys and girls, not yet arrived at years of discretion. What a school for morals! How far do you think a half a day in such a place will go toward the obliteration of the lessons of purity that a mother may have striven for years to engrave upon the hearts of her children? Of what avail her prayerful watching to keep their minds unsullied, if they are to stray into the court-room on such an occasion, and witness the glee with which the most obscene passages in the testimony are received by the gaping crowd? The boys learn obscenity fast enough in the streets among their playfellows. But there it is only low, something that they constantly feel is beneath them. In the court-room, however, it becomes clothed with the garments of respectability, and makes a lasting impression upon them. As for the girls, we can only wonder at their presence, and ask ourselves what sort of mothers they can have, or what sort of friends, to allow them to be exposed to these contaminating influences. A woman's chief ornament is her virtue,—not merely physical chastity, but purity of thought and imagination also. Can you put your hand in the fire and not be burned? Can you expose the susceptible mind of girlhood to the hot breath of vice, and take it back untarnished.

It is undoubtedly necessary that these trials should take place, and that all the circumstances, whatever their character, should be presented in open court. And it seems neither desirable nor consistent with our republican ideas to exclude the general public. Judge Walton took occasion to say that it was the undoubted right of the public to be present to see how justice is administered; he only insisted on their preserving order, and abstaining from indecent merriment. But it does seem to us that there ought to be a rule which should forbid the presence of persons of immature years during trials whose details are unfit for youthful ears. We cannot be too careful to preserve the minds of the rising generation from every influence that would blunt the moral sensibilities and render vice less hideous. That such is the tendency of the details presented in the course of the late trial admits of no doubt. To exclude any person of age, of either sex, may not be practicable, but women who will present themselves day after day as curious listeners to indelicate langunge, should know that public opinion considers their pruriency no honor to their sex. The newspapers give full reports of all important cases, so that every woman who desires may read them in the privacy of her own home, and have no occasion to parade her blushes or her brass to the public view.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER IN 1871. Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, President of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, and the Rev. Noah H. Schenck, Chairman of the Executive Committee, have issued the following programme, for the annual week of prayer, beginning Sunday, Jan. 1st, 1871:

Sunday, Jan. 1.—Sermon—Subject: Inspiration of Holy Scripture; its sufficiency and sole authority for religious faith and practice.

Monday, Jan. 2.—Prayer—Grateful review of the past, calling for renewed confidence and increased devotedness; humiliation for the worldliness of the Church; and for national sins provoking divine judgments.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—Prayer for nations; for all in authority, for soldiers and sailors; for all who have suffered in recent war, and for the blessings of peace.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—Prayer for the conversion of children; for Sunday Schools, and all the seminaries of learning, and for raising up more laborers in Christ's service.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—Prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all who profess and call themselves Christians; for the increase of charity; and of affectionate communion and co-operation among all in every land who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Friday, Jan. 6.—Prayer for the circulation of the Word of God, for a blessing on religious literature, for an end of religious persecution, and for the removal of all hindrances to the spread of the Gospel.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—Prayer for Christian missions, for the conversion of the world, and for "the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Sunday, Jan. 8—Sermons—Subjects: Faith, Hope and Love—essential witnesses for the truth.

BELFAST & MOOSEHEAD LAKE R. R. In reference to matters at issue between the directors of the Belfast and Maine Central Railroads, the Belfast *Journal* says, the Maine Central has not yet acted upon the award of the Commissioners and the demand of the Belfast company that its road shall be run. The matter will have to be fought out before the courts, probably. The Central directors have intimated that they will be willing to narrow the gauge of our road, and run their trains over it, at a fair compensation, until the disputed points can be settled by the courts, agreeing that such action shall not prejudice the claims upon one side or the other. They are willing, they say, to meet our directors and make fair arrangements for public accommodation and developing the business of the road. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Dickerson, Milliken, Simpson and Burrill, of the Belfast directors, have been chosen, to confer with them. It is more than probable, we think, that the cars will be running regularly in a fortnight.

☞ The favorable weather for out of door work continues to be improved by the Sprague Manufacturing Company. Workmen are busily engaged in building the stone wall for the canal on the west side, and it will be so far completed this week as to permit the letting on of the water and the resumption of work in the machine shop, which has been temporarily suspended. Machinery is also being placed in the old cotton mill, preparatory to starting up with the new year.

☞ The Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad Company have made a compromise with the European & North American Railroad Company, and in consideration of the payment of $25,000 by the latter have withdrawn their objection to the payment to them by the Governor and Council of the amount received from the government on account of the Maine and Massachusetts war claims.

☞ Mine host Thayer of the Mansion House, gave his customary anniversary dinner on Monday the 28th ult. Among the large number of invited guests were all the ladies and gentlemen who at any time within the past six years had been regular inmates of the house as boarders. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by those present.

☞ The disbursements in Maine for pensions during the last fiscal year were as follows: Augusta, H. Boynton, pension agent; men, $134,927; women, $135,051. Bangor, Gideon Mayo, agent; men, $135,703; women, $263,036. Portland, M. A. Blanchard, agent; men, $166,709; women, $301,433.

HOME LECTURES. Rev. Mr. Penney is making arrangements for a course of lectures the coming winter, the proceeds of the same to be devoted to the uses of his Society. Particulars will be given in due time.

The Hoswell Murder Trial.

We continue our abstract report of the trial of Edward H. Hoswell, for the murder of John B. Laflin, in Hallowell, in September last. The testimony for the prosecution was all in on Wednesday.

On Thursday morning the court room was thrown open soon after 9 o'clock, and the waiting crowd instantly thronged the building, filling every inch of available space outside the bar. Mrs. Hoswell, the wife of the prisoner, was present among the spectators, and Mrs. Laflin, the widow of the murdered man, occupied a seat within the bar, and probably, for some purpose best known to the counsel for the government, has thus far been kept constantly in attendance each day of the trial.

At 9¼ o'clock, Mr. Libby of the prisoner's counsel began his opening address for the defence, speaking with great calmness and deliberation. The address occupied nearly two hours in the delivery, and was characterized by the usual close and careful argumentation of the counsel. He began by saying that this was the first time he had ever appeared before a jury in the defence of a person charged with an offence which forfeits his life. He should not present any defence that does not appear well founded in law and in fact. Publications have been made in the press of a partizan character, tending to prejudice the prisoner's case; Hallowell officers have been strongly prejudiced; witnesses have been overawed, and attempts have been made to overawe counsel. The church of which the deceased was a member, have sought to send out a prejudicial influence against the respondent. A former pastor wrote to deceased's wife that he knew he (Laflin) was not guilty of adultery, because he formerly knew him, and knew he was not capable of committing such a crime. This letter was published. He was happy to say the feeling in the community is much more favorable to the prisoner than a few weeks ago.

The prisoner was charged with murder in the first degree. The counsel defined murder in the first degree as "killing with express malice aforethought." We accept the issue made by the counsel for the government, that it is murder in the first degree, if murder at all. We ask you to consider the case upon the theory of the government, and do not ask you to consider whether the prisoner is guilty of murder in the second degree or manslaughter. We admit that the prisoner caused the death of Laflin by cutting his throat. The burden then is upon us to show that it was justifiable. Mr. Libby then gave a brief sketch of the history of the prisoner, and especially that part of it embracing his life with his present wife, and bringing events down to his removal to this city in the fall of 1869, and was employed as a carpenter in the workshop of the P. & K. Railroad. He said it would be shown that up to the time of this transaction he had always sustained a good character, the character of a quiet, peaceable, gentlemanly man in all respects, with the exception of extreme inordinate jealousy. The only difficulty that he ever had with any human being, has arisen from jealousy of his wife. Naturally irritable, and extremely jealous, it has been his misfortune to suffer from those two passions, inordinately developed. Aside from that it will be shown that there never has been aught against him. A man of correct habits, a man of correct character, correct deportment in every thing, so far as we have been able to ascertain. Mr. Libby continued:

"What is the justification for the act? We intend to satisfy you that John B. Laflin was guilty of the crime of adultery with the prisoner's wife. We shall show that Laflin had been warned not to continue his adulterous intercourse with Mrs. Hoswell; that on the night of the homicide the prisoner found them in the act of adultery, or if not in the act of adultery, in preparation for it, and so near the act that it must be in law precisely the same; that he went to Hallowell on the night of September 19th, and while his wife was fastening the windows he crept into the house with his boots and cont off and secreted himself under the bed. There he remained; his wife undressed and went to bed, leaving the outside door ajar, not fastened, with a small light burning in her sitting-room, the door between the sleeping-room and sitting-room ajar, and but a little. Pretty soon a man came and opened the door, and came in and went directly to the bed, and then some conversation ensued between the parties, and the man got on to the bed; and they kissed each other, and if the act of adultery had not been consummated, you may think it had not, but they were there for that purpose, for that criminal purpose, with all the preparations, with all the intention to commit it, and there was the prisoner in that room. Now, gentlemen, whether the act had been consummated or not, whether the parties were really in the act at the moment the prisoner sprang from under the bed, we contend is immaterial in law. The justification is just the same, in law the justification is greater even; gentlemen, when the husband finds his neighbor with his wife, with all the preparations for the commission of the crime, his justification is the greater if he rushes upon him before the crime is consummated, than it would be if he waited till it was consummated, and then rushed upon him; because you would say, it was not in human nature for the husband who loved his wife to wait the consummation of the criminal act, and then rush upon his victim.

"Very probably, gentlemen, you will come to the conclusion that the act had not been consummated, from the nature of the case, from the situation of the parties. I am impressed, myself, with the conviction that the prisoner at the bar, in his excited condition, did not wait for the consummation of that act. He ought not to have waited. Human nature, the laws of human nature, the instinct of man, manhood itself, required him to rush upon that man and strike him down, before he committed the crime; he did it, and we say he was justified."

The counsel then cited the cases of Sickles and Cole and McFarland, each of whom had been acquitted by the juries upon a similar plea of justification, and closed by urging the insanity of the prisoner caused by the uncontrollable passion of jealousy, as the ground for his acquittal.

During the address of his counsel, Hoswell sat with his handkerchief to his eyes, and frequently shed tears. When he stated the fact that the prisoner was under the bed and witnessed the adulterous intercourse between Laflin and Mrs. Hoswell, a profound sensation was produced, and the feeling in the court room seemed to change rapidly in favor of the prisoner at the bar.

Witnesses for the defence to the number of thirty were then called by Mr. Pillsbury, and sworn. During the day twelve witnesses were examined for the defense; principally upon the point of Laflin's frequent visits day and night while Hoswell was away. One witness saw her give Laflin some gum by placing their months together, and afterwards scuffle playfully. Another saw her beckon to him with her hand and he went with her to her bedroom. Another testified that her bed was tumbled on the night of the murder before the crowd came in; that they were on the door-step conversing in a low tone about an hour previous to the tragedy.

On Friday forenoon, witnesses from Lawrence, Lewiston, Saco, Fayette, Hermon, and other places where Hoswell had previously lived, were called and testified to his good character as a citizen. He had served two years in Lawrence on the regular police, and two years on the special police. On the question of insanity, some of the witnesses testified to strange conduct on some occasions since the partial separation between himself and wife took place; that he talked of her continually, walking his chamber floor at night, and frequently wept while speaking of her. The keeper of the Kennebec bridge testified that Hoswell walked forwards and backwards across the bridge imagining that his wife was to cross with a strange man, and when finally persuaded to desist, he tried to engage the keeper to watch for him. It also appeared that he had made a similar request of the City Marshal of Gardiner, and the keeper of a livery stable in this city.

In the afternoon, all the other testimony for the defence having been put in, the prisoner was called to the stand. According to his testimony, he was forty-seven years of age last September, and was born in Pawtucket, R. I.; his parents were dead; did not know that he had any relatives living; was married first in Springfield, Mass.; first wife died in 1860, in Lawrence, Mass.; married his present wife in Lawrence in July, 1861; she had been previously married to John E. Smith, from whom she had been divorced; they lived in Lawrence until 1862; they lived in Piermont, New York, then in Hudson City, N. J., then in New York city, then moved to Hermon in this State, then to Lewiston, then lived in Saco, then in Amesbury, Mass., then in Augusta, then in Hallowell. In most of these places he had trouble with his wife, which led to his either posting her, closing the doors against her, or tearing up her clothes. Jealousy, he said, was the cause. Sometimes they separated and then a reconciliation would take place and they lived together again. Previous to the homicide they were not living together. His account of the homicide is as follows, which we give in his own language:

"It might have been a quarter past eight when I started from Augusta. I went to Hallowell on foot; don't know what time I arrived; I went there to see if there was any one going to be there to meet her at her house, or my house, whichever you may call it, that night; when I got there, I found the front part of the house, on Perley lane, closed up, as it usually had been after I left her, after we had the trouble in July; I found it was closed up on that lane; I stepped through the yard; I found the back part all open at the door, and the shutters off the window; I could see her with other ladies; I stepped right through the yard, stepped behind the barn. [At this point Mrs. Laflin, who was present in the bar, fainted away, and was carried out by Dr. Hawes and some of the officers of the court in front of the jury, to the Mansion House. This episode caused a sensation, but it did not appear to disturb the equanimity of the witness in the slightest, and he went on with his testimony in a few minutes, or after order was restored.] I stayed there; I don't know how long; some minutes; I saw her go up in Mrs. Patterson's room; I took it to be her; pretty soon they came down; I think it was her ahead, some two others bringing a sewing machine, carrying it into her room; they were in there a little while; could not say how long—a few minutes; I did not see a third person come out; Mrs. Patterson and my wife came out; Mrs. Patterson went up stairs; my wife shut these shutters, and told Mrs. Patterson that she was going to put herself into bed pretty quick; I thought she was speaking very loud. I thought it was because Mrs. Patterson was going up stairs, so that Mrs. Patterson could her; from that I knew she would turn the bolt on these shutters, and the thought came into my head quicker than a flash that I would slip under the bed. I pulled my coat off, slipped off my shoes, which were low ones, set them down by the side of a water pail, slipped under the foot of the bed while she was turning the bar to the shutters and shutting down the windows. I remained there; she shut the window down. When she turned this bar, went round the room a little. I don't know what she did in that room particularly; I could see a little through the door, not much; I didn't want her to see me; the door all the time, the back-door of the bedroom that led into the yard, was standing wide open, as it had been all the evening while I was there; she came out in there pretty soon, looked out of this door, then shut it partly to, leaving perhaps half an inch. I could just see the light through the crack of the door. She undressed herself in the sitting room, took off her clothes, put on her night clothes, came into the bedroom, and got on to the bed. There was no light in the sleeping room; the light in the sitting-room was turned partly down; it was on the table. The door between the two rooms was not ajar. When she got on to the bed she shut the door between the two rooms. That made the bedroom perfectly dark, except what light came through the window; the curtain was down. In a few minutes after she got on to the bed, could not say how long, the door opened and a man stepped in; I could see his feet; I was looking out from under the bed; he shut the door and fastened it; she asked him, "have you fastened the door?" he said "yes;" she unlocked the door that went into the sitting-room—it springs open itself—about one-third of the way; that let the light shine across the bed; it made the room quite light; after the man came in, I thought by his motion, he lay his hat on the table. The witness then testified to improper liberties between the two persons, and said that he came from under the bed and clinched the man. How I got my knife, or why I took that instead of the pistol, I cannot tell; I had the pistol in my pocket; I have carried that pistol ever since I first went on to the police in Lawrence; I have no recollection of getting my knife open; I know that I clinched him; we had quite a scuffle; she clinched too; that is the most I can tell about it; my idea was that I meant to tear the man all to pieces; I didn't know anything else; but I meant to tear him all to pieces; I could think of nothing else; but I don't seem to recollect anything above that; I have no distinct recollection of anything that occurred till the next morning; I can recollect some few things that occurred, but not distinctly; I had no jealousy against Laflin when I went to Hallowell; I had no purpose when I went there to kill any one."

The prisoner gave his testimony in a calm, simple and direct manner, although he at times seemed to be much affected, and he bore the long and severe cross-examination by the Attorney General with wonderful equanimity, answering the rapidly put questions without apparent evasion or embarrassment. His description of the struggle with Laflin, in which he said it was his idea "to tear him all to pieces!" was thrillingly dramatic, and produced a profound sensation. During the delivery of the prisoner's testimony, his wife kept her eyes fixed upon him, and at certain passages, expressing in pantomime considerable vindictiveness of feeling.

An adjournment was reached before the cross examination of Hoswell was concluded. The general impression is that his testimony aided the defence considerably.

On Saturday morning the cross-examination of Hoswell was resumed by the Attorney General. Nothing of special importance was elicited in addition to the facts stated on his direct examination, except the circumstance which had not before been alluded to, that the present was the *third* instead of the second wife of the prisoner, and a partial acknowledgement on his part that he had on one occasion used violence towards her.

Drs. Brickett and Hill were called to testify on the question of Hoswell's insanity, but their testimony was not admitted by the Court on the ground that they had not made mental disease a special study and therefore could not be called insanity experts. This left the defence without any testimony to prove the insanity of Hoswell. It was agreed by the counsel on both sides to let the case go to the jury without any insanity testimony.

The services of Dr. Harlow of the Maine Insane Asylum and Dr. Choate of the Massachusetts Asylum, who had been summoned by the Government were consequently not needed. In the afternoon some rebutting testimony was offered by the Government mainly to prove that the intimacy between Laflin and Mrs. Hoswell was only social and friendly.

During the trial on Saturday, Mrs. Laflin, the widow of the murdered man, did not make her appearance in Court, the shock she having experienced yesterday afternoon when the prisoner was about to relate the circumstances of the homicide being so great that she was not permitted to leave her room. Mrs. Hoswell, however, was in attendance, and was frequently pointed out among the large crowd present, as she sat in the seat she has occupied during the progress of the trial.

At the opening of the Court on Monday Mr. Pillsbury commenced his closing argument for the defence, continuing through the morning and into the afternoon session, and occupying four and a half hours time. He contended that Hoswell was justified in killing Laflin as the defiler of his mariage bed, and was governed in the act by an uncontrolable impulse implanted in him by God, to take the life of the wanton destroyer of female virtue and domestic happiness. His argument was somewhat similar to that of Graham in the McFarland trial. He spoke with his usual force and earnestness and in his well-known happy and pleasing style, and it is regarded as the ablest of his many arguments in criminal cases. Attorney Gen. Reed then began the closing argument for the Government and spoke half an hour before the adjournment. He announced that he did not ask for a compromise between a verdict of acquittal and one of conviction, but should contend for a square verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

On Tuesday the Attorney General finished his argument for the prosecution, and was followed by Judge Walton in his charge to the jury. The jury retired at 2.42, P. M., and remained in deliberation until 10 o'clock P. M., when they came in and returned a verdict of *Guilty of Manslaughter*. On Wednesday Hoswell was sentenced to nine years imprisonment in the State Prison.

The President's Message.

The third session of the Forty-first Congress began on Monday, Dec. 5th. The President's message is before us. Our ordinary practice has been to print this document in full. But desiring to present to our readers in this first number of the new series, something of the attractive variety that we hope to maintain, we are constrained to give only an abstract of President Grant's message, rather than surrender four or five columns to a paper of not more than ordinary interest, dispussing for the most part matters with which the public is already familiar.

The greater part of the message is devoted to our foreign relations, which are for the most part entirely satisfactory. The conduct of our minister in Paris since the begining of the war, our relations to the belligerents, Cuban and Spanish American affairs, the annexation of San Domingo, the smuggling on the Mexican border, the Chinese massacre, the rectification of the boundary between Lake Superior and the Rocky mountains, the Alabama claims, the fishery troubles, and the navigation of the St. Lawrence, are treated in turn.

Among domestic affairs, the President gives his views on the condition of our shipping interest, on the currency, on "revenue reform," on the management of the Indians, and on the policy that should guide the disposal of the public lands; and presents the most important facts connected with the carrying on of the various departments of the Government.

The duties of the minister in Paris, (Mr. Washburn) have been very onerous. He was selected as the protector of the citizens of North Germany, Saxony, Hesse, Saxe Coburg, Gotha, Columbia, Portugal, Uruguay, the Dominican Republic, Equador, Chili, Paraguay and Venezuela. Yet Mr. Washburn acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his own government, and, as the President is officially informed, to the satisfaction of the North German government. The new government of France solicited our intervention in the interest of peace; but the answer was made that the established policy and free interests of the United States forbade us to interfere in European questions jointly with European powers. Should the time come, however, when the action of the United States can hasten the return of peace by a single hour, that action will be heartily taken.

The Spanish authorities in Cuba, early in the contest now waging there, inaugurated a system of arbitrary arrests, close confinements, military trial and execution, and confiscation, which has led to the oppression of certain citizens of the United States, in violation of the treaty of 1795. Complaints were made at Madrid, and in the negotiations now pending there, the United States claimed that for the future the rights secured to their citizens by treaty should be respected, and that as to the past, a joint tribunal should be established in the United States with full jurisdiction of all such claims.

Under the auspices of the United States, the long deferred peace conference between Spain and the allied South American republics has been inaugurated in Washington.

The acquisition of San Domingo is advocated at length.

The Mexican government has in a very unfriendly manner refused to change certain customs, regulations of theirs which facilitated smuggling into the United States across the Rio Grande, and has even given further facilities to ill-disposed persons. The President suggests taking into consideration proper measures for counteracting the policy of Mexico.

No progress has been made toward a settlement of the Alabama claims. The President says that whenever the British government shall entertain a desire for the full and friendly adjustment of these claims, the United States is ready to enter upon their consideration.

The fishery regulations on the coast of the British Provinces have been enforced in an arbitrary and unfriendly way. All the seizures that have yet been made of American fisherman have been in the enforcement of treaty stipulations, our only ground of complaint being that there was not sufficient notice given of an intention to enforce them. The statutes of the Dominion of Canada, a "semi-independent but irresponsible agent," assume a broad and untenable jurisdiction over the vessels of the United States.

"They authorize officers or persons to bring vessels hovering within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbors of Canada into ports; to search the cargo, to examine the master under oath, to change the cargo and voyage, and to inflict upon him heavy pecuniary penalties, if true answers are not given; and if such a vessel is found preparing to fish within three marine miles of any such coasts, bays, creeks or harbors, without a license, or after the expiration of the period named in the last license granted to it, they provide that the vessel with her tackle, &c., &c., shall be forfeited. It is not known that any condemnations have been made under this statute. Should the authorities of Canada attempt to enforce it, it will become my duty to take such steps as may be necessary to protect the rights of the citizens of the United States. It has been claimed by Her Majesty's officers, that the fishing vessels of the United States have no right to enter the open ports of the British government in North America, except for purposes of shelter and repairing damages, of purchasing wood and obtaining water; that they must depart within twenty-four hours after notice to leave. It is not known that any seizure of any fishing vessel engaging the United States flag has been made under this claim. So far as the claim is founded on an alleged construction of the convention of 1818, it cannot be acquiesced in by the United States.

Anticipating that an attempt may possibly be made by the Canadian authorities in the coming season to repeat their unneighborly acts toward our fisherman, I recommend you to confer upon the Executive the power to suspend by proclamation the operation of the laws authorizing the transit of goods, wares and merchandise in bond across the territory of the United States from the Canadas; and further, should such an extreme step become necessary, to suspend the operation of any laws whereby the vessels of the Dominion of Canada are permitted to enter the waters of the United States."

A like unfriendly disposition has been manifested with reference to the navigation of the St. Lawrence. Our neighbors claim the right to exclude us from it because they own its mouth. That river is an outlet to the ocean for eight States, with an aggregate population of about 17,000,000, and with an aggregate tonnage of 6,611,367 tons upon the waters that discharge into it. During the administration of Mr. John Quincy Adams, Mr. Clay unquestionably demonstrated the national right of the citizens of the United States to the navigation of this river. The President cites numerous treaties that recognize this right.

The estimates for expenses of the government for the next fiscal year are $18,244,346 less than for last year, but exceed the appropriation for the present year by $8,972,000.

Congress is urged to inaugurate a policy which shall place our currency at par with gold at no distant day. The President declares himself in favor of a reduction of taxation, a tariff that shall not tax articles in universal use, and and shall give protection to American labor; as opposed to that kind of revenue reform that would rely upon direct taxation, or that would reduce the revenue below the sum necessary for current expenses and payment of the public debt.

A reform in the civil service is urged; the policy now pursued with the Indian tribes is justified and the indiscriminate giving away of the public lands condemned. The message closes as follows:

"In conclusion I would sum up the policy of the Administration to be a thorough enforcement of every law; a faithful collection of the revenue; economy in the disbursements of the same; prompt payment of the heavy debt of the nation; a reduction of the taxes as rapidly as the requirements of the country will admit, the reduction of the taxation to be so arranged as to afford the greatest relief to the greatest number; honest and fair dealings with all other people, to the end that war with all its blighting consequences may be averted, but without surrendering any right or obligation due us; a reform in the treatment of the Indians and in the whole civil service of the country; and finally, in securing a pure untrammelled ballot, where every man who is entitled to cast a vote may do so just once at each election, without fear of molestation on account of his political faith, nativity or color."

Items of Maine News.

The Skowhegan *Reporter* chronicles the first skating accident of the season. At Norridgewock last Saturday quite a large party were skating on the Mill Brook, when the ice broke suddenly, and three young ladies were precipitated into the water where it was quite deep. By the exertions of the company, all were saved. A French boy, Joseph Lasson, saved one of the girls as she was going down the second time, at his own imminent peril.

The store of Asahel Goodwin, at Cape Neddick, York, was burned Thursday afternoon, with all its contents of groceries and varieties. Loss $5000; insurance $3100. Mr. Goodwin lost all his books and accounts for a year or two, and the family of Baron Stover, living over head, lost all their furniture, being away visiting at the time. Cause of the fire unknown.

Shubael Dunton of Lincolnville Centre, has been arrested upon a complaint in behalf of the United States, charging him with opening a letter in the post-office in that village, in which he was an assistant, directed to John J. Mahoney, Camden, Me., with a design to pry into the business, &c., of said Mahoney. He was required to recognize in the sum of $2000 for his appearance before the District Court of the United States, at Portland, on the first Tuesday of December next.

Some months since a number of journeymen shoemakers at Vassalboro', organized a Shoe Manufacturers' Co-operative Association. It will interest many to learn that the report of the first few months' operations, shows that the movement has been a complete success.

Mrs. Amy P. Newman, aged 38 years, committed suicide by drowning herself in the Kennebec river a few miles from Augusta, Thursday morning. It is supposed that insanity brought on by religious excitement was the cause.

The Bangor *Whig* learns that one-half the interest in the mills at West Greatworks, owned by Messrs. W. H. & J. L. Smith, was sold on Tuesday to C. S. Bragg, Esq., and Messrs. Page & McCullock, for $40,000.

A correspondent of the *Whig* writes that Mr. P. Soule, of Lagrange, was severely injured, one day of last week by the fall of some timber he was assisting to raise, at the mill. A heavy timber struck him on the left side, causing dangerous internal injuries, but it is hoped he will recover.

Mr. Sherman Smith of Steuben, has invented a machine which, with a gang of circular saws, cuts 20 laths at once. He has one now in operation at Turk stream, in Steuben, says the Ellsworth *American*.

The Somerset Railroad Company has brought actions against Bingham and Solon to enforce the payment of their subscription to that enterprise. Able counsel will be engaged on both sides. Hon. D. D. Stewart, we are informed, will defend the suits.

We learn from the Bath *Times* that Albert Barron, a brakeman on the Portland and Kennebec railroad, was knocked off last Friday, between Bowdoinham and Richmond, from a box car, on which he was standing, to the flat car following behind, while passing under a bridge. He is recovering from the injuries received.

Judge Danforth is holding a special court at Sangerville to try the flowage case of Jenkins Weymouth vs. the Sangerville Manufacturing Company. A great number of witnesses have been examined and some 200 are yet to testify. All this is sport for Messrs. Crosby and Hudson, the senior attorneys for the respective parties.

Norway, this year manufactures 1422 barrels, or 45,500 gallons of cider. The largest quantity made by one man is that of F. A. Danforth, who turns out 15,000 gallons, a large portion of which he will convert into vinegar, as we learn from the Oxford *Democrat*.

The Bath *Times* says Mr. John Morrison living at the Basin, in Phipsburg, was found Thursday morning about a mile from his house, dead, having fallen over an embankment some fifteen feet high. Mr. Morrison had been missing since last Friday, and as he was insane, there is some probability that he may have made way whith himself.

The *Advertiser* says that a man who sued a man out of the city of Portland had the summons sent back to him with the statement on the back, that as he, the defendant, lived some six miles from the city, had no horse and it was too muddy and too far to walk, he should not appear at the court in obedience to the summons. He further stated that as he had no money, and never expected to have any, it would make little difference whether the plaintiff obtained judgment or not.

Thomas Scammonds, has been appointed postmaster at Woolville, vice S. H. Chosley, and H. L. Getchell at East Monmouth, vice Mrs. Selina Gale, deceased. The post-office at South Winn has been discontinued.

At a meeting of the delegates chosen by the Piscataquis Central, and the West Piscataquis Agricultural Societies, holden at Dover, Nov. 29th, Hon. A. M. Robinson, of Dover, was unanimously elected member of the Board of Agriculture for Piscataquis County.

Wilson Fernald, of Gouldboro', aged 21, was lost overboard on his passage from Rockland to New York.

The *Advocate* says that James H. Holsdon, 26 years of age, of Industry, hung himself at Allen's Mill, on Saturday.

Capt. Albion Pearson, of the schooner Jessie 24, of St. George, suddenly fell and died almost instantly, of heart disease or apoplexy, on Prentice wharf, Boston, Friday afternoon. The vessel had just discharged, and from the fact of finding railroad tickets in his pocket, it is supposed he was on the point of returning to his home by railroad.

A number of Maine men temporarily residents in Washington, are going to form a State Association. A committee, consisting of Hon E. B. French, Gen. C. D. Gilmore and Ray P. Baton, Esq., has been chosen to prepare a plan of organization.

Between forty-five and fifty thousand barrels of calcined and ground plaster were manufactured at the Red Beach mills, Calais, last winter.

The *Advertiser* says that an old tenement house in Calais, at Union Mills, owned by Mr. J. S. Hall, was burned down on Monday of last week, and five or six families were rendered houseless.

The *Whig* says that a guest at the Exchange Hotel, Bangor, blew out the gas light in his room before retiring Thursday night, and the gas escaping filled the room all night. There was some ventilation, however, and no one was found with his life, but it will be a long time ere he will recover from the effects.

Mr. Moses A Getchell, of Waterville, owns a gold watch, which, according to the *Mail*, possesses a charmed existence. Twice the owner has come near losing it by pickpockets, they having severed the guard chain. Again he came near losing it while fishing on a pond in winter, saving it only by a quick and adroit movement of his hands. Last week while assisting at work on the new bridge, he jerked his watch from his pocket into the swift current of the Kennebec. After several ineffectual attempts to recover it, one of the bridge hands, moved by an offer of $10 reward, waded in with a rope attached to his body, and by going all under, managed to clutch the glittering prize,

Foreign News.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

Grand Sortie from Paris--Reported Repulse of the French.

London, Nov. 30—Noon. The following dispatch from Versailles, early this morning, has just been received here by way of Berlin: On Monday and Tuesday the forts around Paris, particularly those to to the south, D'Ivry, Bicetre, Montrogue, Vanvers, D'Issy and Chaiventon, maintained a furious cannonade. As was expected by the Germans this incessant firing was kept up merely to cover a *sortie* in force. On Tuesday the Parisians came out towards L'Hay, supported by their gunboats in the Seine. At this point the position of the 6th Prussian corps was attacked fiercely. Simultaneously, oteer sorties were made in other directions with a view, probably, to prevent reinforcements to the 6th corps. In all cases, however, the French were repulsed and driven back behind their fortifications. The entire Prussian loss in these actions was only 7 officers and a few hundred men. The French lost 1600 in prisoners alone.

Versailles, Nov. 29. A serious attack was made by the French this morning on Choisy le Roi. They were repulsed, and 250 prisoners taken. The German loss was small.

Versailles, Nov. 30—Noon. It now appears that the greater part of the French Army of the Loire was engaged against the Prussian 10th Corps at Beaune on Monday. From additional particulars which have just come to hand, in the reports of the commanders, there is no question but that the defeat of the French was most complete. At least one thousand killed were left on the field by the fleeing French.

Fourteen hundred wounded prisoners had been captured by the Germans at last accounts, and the number was constantly increasing, as the Prussians were in close pursuit.

A sortie from Paris was made in the direction of St. Cloud, op Monday, and was readily repulsed by the Prussians, who suffered only a slight loss.

The people of Versailles were terribly excited during the battle.

Prussian Victories near Amiens and Retreat of the Army of the Loire.

The French have been badly beaten near Amiens. Their army was totally routed and fled toward Arras. Four French guns were captured in this engagement.

On Monday the main body of the French army attempted to force a passage toward Fontainbleau by a heavy and general attack. They encountered the Tenth Prussian corps at Beauve, a little village in the Department of the Loire, 26 miles north of Orleans. The Prussians were quickly reinforced with the Fifth infantry and First cavalry divisions. The French onslaught was repulsed with heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, especially the latter. Failing in this attempt, the army of the Loire has withdrawn.

The Heavy Battle on Monday--A Dispatch from King William.

Berlin, Nov. 30. The Queen has received the following from King William:

Tuesday, Nov. 29. Frederick Charles reports the complete defeat of the army of the Loire, in the battle of Monday, in which the French had the 20th corps, probably the 18th, and portions of the 15th and 16th corps engaged. A thousand French were found dead on the field, 4000 wounded and 1600 were taken prisoners. Gen. Aurelles is reported wounded. The German loss was 1000, among them a few officers.

The Probable Truth of a Rumor.

The *Herald's* dispatch from Wilhelmshohe the 28th inst. reports Bezaine as saying that the current report, that as soon as Paris capitulates all the French Generals and prisoners will be convened at Cassel, under King William, was quite likely to be true, it being meant to recognize the army, make peace and hush up cavil.

The report of the Empress' intended journey is not contradicted here.

Theline, the Emperor's Treasurer, and Raimbeau have passports ready to go to Paris immediately after the surrender.

The French Prospects Gloomy.

London, Nov. 30. [New York *World* Special.] Letters by balloon from Paris, private letters from Versailles and dispatches from Berlin all concur in representing the prospects of the French as extremely gloomy.

The *Tribune* correspondent at Versailles the 26th writes: Yesterday urgent orders were telegraphed to all army food contractors, in anticipation of an early surrender, to furnish extraordinary supplies. All the cavalry today were ordered to lay in ten day's forage, though the usual marching provender is three.

French Account of the Sorties from Paris.

A Tours dispatch says: Gambetta announces that the army of the Loire has successfully resisted an attack on its left and right wings and is now moving forward. Gambetta continues: "Victory now favors the French.—Te Deums are being chanted here."

Dispatches from Paris dated the 30th says, that operations by the French commenced yesterday at different points around the city.—Gen. Ducrot with a large force moved out of Paris and occupied Montriels, which however he was soon compelled to evacuate. The heaviest of the fighting was done at Champigny Belle and Villers Sur Marne. The French are now renewing the attack on the south.

A Versailles dispatch on Friday says: The French loss in killed, wounded and prisoners in yesterday's sortie was severe. They have just asked a truce for several hours to bury their dead. The Wurtemburgers lost forty officers and eight hundred men. One brigade lost two officers and seven hundred men.

The movements of the army of the Loire began on Wednesday and were directed by the Minister of War. The first operations were favorable. Gen. Chansy left his position the next day and found the Prussians entrenched at Gullonville, Ferminiers and Gomers. He immediately gave them battle, which only ended with the night. The Prussians were compelled to retire and the position held by them was captured by the French, where they encamped that night. The French were very well handled. The German loss was heavy and the French very light.

The battle at Paris began on Tuesday, the 29th, and at last accounts the garrison remained outside in the positions they had captured from the Prussians. The line of battle was many miles in extent. Great numbers of prisoners and cannon were captured by the French. The corps were commanded by Generals Trochu, Ducrot and Vinoy. Gambetta, in announcing the victory, says that one of the results of it was to hasten the evacuation of Amiens by the Prussians, which *hastily started* for Paris *to join the German army.*

The Tours *Moniteur* has the following details: In the morning of the 29th ult. the first sortie from the French garrison at Paris was begun at Choisy le Roy, L'Hay and Chevilly. The battle in the neighborhood lasted all the night of the 29th ult. and till the next night. Gen. Ducrot then crossed the Marne and occupied Messby. Subsequently he evacuated that point and engaged the enemy at Champigny, fighting his way to Bri. He then recrossed the Marne, by night on pontoon bridges, and maintained his position on the banks. He took two guns from the Prussians. He has since a position at Thernay.

The army of the Loire has been engaged with the Prussians to-day. The position of the latter extended from Chateau Dun, where their right was posted, through Joinville to Toury, and from there to Pithiviers and Beaune la Rolarde. Theis second line in the rear extended from Fontainbleau by way of Monterrn and Villenvue to Troye where it joined the first Prussian line.

Prussian Accounts.

A despatch from Munich announces that Von Der Tann defeated the French army of the Loire on the 1st inst. in several successive battles west of Orleans and Tours.

King William sends the following despatch to Queen Augusta, dated at Versailles on the 30th:

"The sixth corps yesterday repulsed a sortie of the French near L'Hay on the south of Paris. Over one hundred French prisoners were taken and several hundred dead and wounded were left on the field. The French also made sorties on the positions of the Wurtemburgers and Saxons at Bamneil, Champigney and Villiers to the east and southeast of Paris. These positions were taken by the French but were subsequently retaken by the Prussians. At the same time sorties were made north and west at St. Denis against the 4th corps and guard. The French were repulsed and driven back behind their works in all cases. I remained at Versailles as it was the central point."

(Signed,) WILHELM."

A telegram from Gen. O'Berwin to the War Department at Berlin has the following particulars of the part taken by the Wurtemburgers in the late actions around Paris. On Wednesday the 2d and 3d Wurtemburg brigades with the 7th Prussian brigade defeated a sortie of the French in the direction of Mont Mesoli, after five hours' fighting. The Germans took 3000 prisoners. The German loss was six officers and 34 wounded, and 700 rank and file killed and wounded. They were supported by the heavy cannonade of their forts. Trochu and Ducrot commanded, leading 12000 men. At 11 o'clock in the forenoon the French were repulsed by the 6th corps and retired. Subsequently, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Wurtemburgers, reinforced by cavalry and artillery, were attacked by the French and the latter were again defeated. The German losses were trifling.

A Denial of Reported Battles.

London, Dec. 1. The *World's* correspondent at Tours telegraphed on the 30th ult. that all was well with the army of the Loire and that the Prussian dispatches concerning fighting on the 28th were wholly fallacious. Gen. D'Aurell's holds well in hand in the immediate vicinity of Orleans the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th army corps; in all 120,000 men. Tha right rear is formed of the 18th and 20th corps, of which Bourbaki now accepts the command and is 67,000 strong. The whole of these forces concentrated during the recent fighting and inflicted on the enemy a greater loss than they suffered. There is perfect confidence in the ability of Gen. D'Aurelles to pierce the enemy's centre and to defeat his wings in detail.

The Capitulation of Amiens.

The Prussian losses in killed in the battle before Amiens was 74 officers and 1300 privates. The French army in the north are in a state of disorganization. The citadel of Amiens capitulated after a short resistance, in which the commander was killed and 400 prisoners taken. The retreat of the Garibaldians from Pusques was converted into a disorderly flight.

The department of Cher is declared in a state of siege.

The French again Repulsed near Paris.

Versailles, Dec. 1. A lively fire was maintained all last night from the forts around Paris, and this morning the garrison made sorties at various points on the Seine and Marne. The Prussians were attacked in the morning and a sanguinary battle took place, in which the Wurtemburg troops were mainly engaged and supported by portions of the 12th, 2d and 7th corps. The fighting ended with the night. The enemy were everywhere repulsed.

Conflicting Reports of the Fighting around Paris.

London, Dec. 2. According to despatches from Prussian officers the French were repulsed in their attempt at a great sortie from Paris, on Thursday.

The French organ here, however, claims that the engagement before Paris ended in a brilliant victory for the French arms.

There are no signs of weakness at Tours. Eleven new intrenched camps are forming throughout France.

Gambetta Claims a Great Victory for the French.

Laval, Dec. 2. The city is overjoyed with dispatches from Gambetta announcing great successes at Paris, where sorties were made in force, defeating the Prussians along the entire line.

The line of battle was many miles in extent. Great numbers of prisoners and cannon were captured by the French. The corps were commanded by Generals Trochu, Ducrot and Vinoy.

Various Movements.

Berlin, Dec. 2. Nearly the whole of the French forces are now concentrated between Blois and Tours. If defeated, their retreat upon Lyons is probable. Lyons is strongly fortified and well provisioned.

Tours, Dec. 2. Gen. Chansey reports a successful advance of the French left, yesterday. The French carried first the Prussian lines and afterward their positions at Nouville, Villipian and Pyravilles. The Prussians retreated on Loigny and Chateau Cambray.

The Great Sortie from Paris.

London, Dec. 2. [Special to the New York *World.*] The dispatches received this morning reconcile the conflicting German and French accounts of yesterday concerning Ducrot's sortie. Ducrot, with 150,000 men, and 60 cannon, succeeded in making his way out of Paris, and is now in the open country between the Marne and the Seine, southeast of Champigny. The Germans, who at first were driven from their positions, regained them, holding their entrenchments.

On Wednesday the combat recommenced. On Thursday morning the result was yet unknown. The German losses in the sorties on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were 157 officers and 5800 men in killed and wounded. The French loss, as partially ascertained, was 3100. Gen. Vinoy, with the First Corps, got wholly through the German lines on the south, and effected a junction with a portion of D'Aurelles' forces, advancing from the southwest. The siege of Paris is in effect raised, and the campaign turned against the Prussians.

London, Dec. 2. The *Tribune* correspondent at Versailles telegraphs concerning the sortie on the 29th ult: There were two or three crude attacks on Montretand, as if to storm the Prussian works, but the French supports were so measured as to give the idea that no orders had reached them to advance, although they were in strong force, and the French officers were continually opposing themselves to hold the troops steady, and suffered much.

About noon the fire from Mont Valerian slackened, and the Mobiles withdrew. The sortie against Chaisy Le Roi began a little later than the feint against Montretont.

About twenty battalions came out at nine o'clock from Villejuif and advanced on the position of the 6th corps.

The guns of the new works at Villejuif commenced the attack by an incessant fire, reaching mainly to the right of the second Bavarian corps, and inflicting slight losses.

The beginning of the French movement was conducted with great energy, but the French speedily become discouraged under the sharp fire of the besieging forces, who unmasked their field batteries, which immediately proved exceedingly annoying to the French. Notwithstanding the great exertions of their officers the attacking battalions were thrown into disorder, and their supports failed to arrive.

The affair was over in two hours. The estimated German loss was over 100, of whom 20 Bavarians and the rest Prussians of the 6th Corps. The French loss was from 500 to 600, including 250 prisoners.

The country is alive with German forces mustering to the relief of the sortie, and 30,000 are capable of concentrating at any point. The Germans are in excellent spirits at the prospect of active work.

The Terms of Surrender Offered to Paris.

Versailles, Dec. 2. [Special to the New York *Herald.*] The terms of surrender to be offered Paris are that the Regulars and Gardes Mobile are to become prisoners of war. The National Gardes and Irregulars are to be allowed to return to their occupations in private life.

The forts, cannons and munitions of war are to be given up to the Prussians, and the regular garrison will be permitted to march out with the honors of war. If these terms are refused the bombardment of the forts will immediately follow the refusal.

Advices from Paris to the 23d ult. say that the mortality is frightfully increasing, and that the calculation made shows that the provisions will last from ninety to one hundred days.

London, Dec. 2. The correspondence of the *Tribune* at Versailles telegraphed at two o'clock this afternoon that the fighting on the 30th ult. was followed by no fresh movement. Yesterday there was a lull in the French cannonade, and several ambulances came out to collect the wounded. To-day again there is heavy firing going on in the direction of Charenton. The weather is bright, and the ground is hard and in a very favorable condition for army movements. The German troops are near Orleans.

A correspondent at Orleans telegraphed at 8 A. M. to-day: The army of the Loire is at this moment marching out from headquarters and leaving Orleans.

The Eastern Question.

Vienna, Dec. 2. The *Neue Freie Presse* this morning has an editorial on the Black Sea difficulty, wherein it says: France will participate in the deliberations of the Conference to be held in London. Vienna was first selected as the place for holding the Conference, but Austria objected. The preliminary discussions will involve questions other than those connected with the Paris treaty of 1856.

The London *Standard* of to-day warns England that the Gladstone ministry is preparing an infamous and disastrous capitulation for Russia. In spite of Granville's resistance the conference has been accepted without the withdrawal of Russia's note. The mere meeting of the powers will be virtual submission to all Russia asks.

Gambetta's Report.

Tours, Dec. 4. Gambetta announces that the army of the Loire has discontinued its forward movement, owing to the resistance of the enemy, who has concentrated large masses of troops between Pithiviers, Athernay and Augerville. The army occupied a strongly entrenched position in which it will remain for the present, postponing its advance until a better opportunity is offered. In the meanwhile Ducrot, with the army which he had out of Paris, is disengaged and will be able to act more freely, not finding before him masses of the enemy which it was supposed were going to meet him, but which really remained north of Orleans.

Tours, Dec. 3. A balloon from Paris descended near Lemans. It left that city on the 1st and brings the following news:

The French troops kept the positions which they took in the sorties of the 29th and 30th, and were preparing to prosecute vigorously an offensive movement. Gen. Vinoy had a position greatly in advance of Gen. Ducrot.—The latter was stopped owing to a sudden rise in the river, brought about by the Prussians breaking away a dam and not on account of any resistance offered them.

The Report of the Sortie of Wednesday.

[*Tribune* special.] The *Tribune* correspondent at Versailles 1st inst, writes that the sortie yesterday against the Wurtemburg division east of Paris, between the Seine and Marne, resulted in leaving the French in possession of the village about Brie sur Marn. The Germans say they must retake these villages at any cost. The French at one time occupied the line on the right and left of Ovanesson. They were subsequently driven back with heavy loss from this, their most advanced position. The Wurtemburgers were supported by a brigade of the 2d Pomeranian corps, the Crown Prince's old corps and part of the 6th corps. Both sides fought hard. The French were led by dismounted officers of high rank and showed something of their traditional fire. Had not the Wurtembergers been very steady while being driven back, and had not the Prussians arrived promptly to their support, the investment line might have been broken. The French in fact, merely gained better foothold for future operations. Their great want is space to deploy their forces.

A very hard fight took place the same day north of St. Denis. The French sallied out against the 4th Prussian corps. The attack was repulsed and some prisoners taken by the Prussians. The loss of the French was heavy, including seventeen officers. Frederick Charles though not unsuccessful, is much hindered by heavy rends and his army is fatigued by long marches. To-day all is quiet on the southern front of Paris.

The first shell fired into the city yesterday was from the Bavarian batteries near Chatillon. This was accidental. The Crown Prince ordered the use of no more guns at present a such range. If the French try more sorties there will probably be a sharp attack on the outlying defences of the city.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* telegraphs from Berlin Sunday afternoon that the King telegraphs to the Queen as follows: No fighting of any moment yesterday at Paris. The French are massing their troops from Vincennes. During the fight of Dec. 2d the French lost 1800 prisoners, including one General and twenty superior officers, besides seven guns. The bombardment of Belfort has commenced.

Movements of the Army of the Loire.

Tours, Dec. 2. [Friday night.] The movement of the army of the Loire continues and there are frequent encounters all along the line without marked advantage on either side. Gen. Sonnis was wounded and taken prisoner in the advance of the 17th corps, which however held its position. A second attack was made on Autin by Prussians and repulsed with considerable loss to the assailants. The enemy continues to retreat from the north.

Tours, Dec. 4. Gambetta has gone to Orleans to consult with the officers of the army of the Loire.

The battle on Friday in which the 16th and 17th corps were engaged, was protracted and sanguinary, with great losses on both sides, the Prussians using artillery.

It is rumored that Ducrot, who is still near Paris, has been reinforced and will speedily take the offensive.

The Russian Imbroglio.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* at St. Petersburg Sunday afternoon says:—Granville's reply to Gortschakoff's second note was delivered yesterday. It insists that Gortschakoff admits by his answer that his position is wrong in law. It consents to a conference only on the understanding that Russia withdraw the original circular and her pretension to a right to separate action and bring the proposition before the conference anew to be decided upon without previous pledges otherwise. The embassy will be withdrawn.

The English think it a diplomatic victory. The position is still delicate.

Prussian Success.

Versailles, Dec. 5. The French have been driven from Chevilly and have abandoned Champigny. They are now massing near Creteliel. The cold is intense. The troops suffer severely. Manteuffel is in Rouen.

Stuttgart, Dec. 5. The total loss sustained by the Wurtemburg troops in the battle of the 2d inst., near Paris is officially reported to be 848 killed and wounded.

Position of the Army of the Loire.

Tours, Dec. 4, Midnight. The army of the Loire is waiting in a strongly entrenched position north of Orleans in expectation of a concentrated attack by the Prussians. Gen. Paladine writes to the Bishop of Orleans as follows: We have had a series of successes. I do not say victory; I reserve that word for tomorow. To-day a general engagement took place for the junction of the armies of Paris and the Loire, near Etampes. A position was won by the French at Villepin on Thursday and retaken by Von Der Taun on Friday and again retaken by the French Saturday.—Gen. Sonnet, having advanced too far before his troops, was made a prisoner. At four other points the French have been successful. Gen. Ducrot is still master of the situation. The 16th corps under Gen. Polker and the 15th corps under Gen. Ryan fought with great courage. The enemy was twice repulsed at Autun with important losses.

The New King of Spain.

Florence, Dec. 5. Aosta has formally accepted the Spanish Crown. Aosta, on receiving the Crown from the Spanish deputation, congratulated them on the fact that Spain had succeeded in reconciling order with liberty. He promised to maintain the constitutional traditions of his family, and believed his conduct to be such that all parties would admit his honesty of purpose.

Recapture of Orleans by the Prussians.

Berlin, Dec. 5r Queen Augusta has received the following:

Versailles, Sunday—Midnight. After two days' battle, in which the army of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg mainly engaged, Manstion's corps captured the St. Jean Railroad station and cuburb of Orleans. Twenty guns and 1,000 prisoners were taken. Prussian loss moderate. Gen. Wrangel's division suffered most. The Prussians found 9 cannon and much ammunition on the field before Amiens.

[Signed] WILLIAM.

The *Tribune's* correspondent at Tours telegraphs on the 5th: Intense excitement prevails here, and a great crowd is gathered at the Prefecture, reading the unfavorable news.

Paladines evacuated Orleans to avoid bombardment, and they talk of trying him by court martial.

The Army of the Loire Beaten.

Tours, Dec. 5. After terrible fighting during the whole of yesterday the army of the Loire covering Orleans was overpowered by a concentrated attack of the German forces and forced to abandon their position with a heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, and also 25 guns. The Germans occupy the railway stations north of Orleans and it is expected that they will attack the city to-day.

Latest Advices from Paris.

Tours, Dec. 5. The government has received from Paris official reports to the 4th inst. of the progress and results of the movements by Gen. Ducrot. They state Thursday was spent in burying the dead and removing the wounded. On Friday the Prussians attacked with great impetuosity the French at Champigny and in front of Villiers. After seven hours fighting, the enemy failed to carry the positions of the French and retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Their losses were 15,000 to 20,000. On Saturday, the French reached the Marne and took up their position. The enemy made no attempt to resist them.

Gen. Ducrot greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Friday.

Among the killed are Gen. La Chardrue, and Gen. Rimault was badly wounded.

☞The stories told of the new oil discoveries in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, bid fair to revive among producers and speculators an excitement like that of 1863-64. Oil has been found in immense quantities on the farm of Mr. James McCray, which is situated on the top of a hill in the town of Petroleum Centre. During the great oil excitement Mr. McCray diligently cultivated his farm, in blissful ignorance of the streams of wealth lying beneath the well-turned turf, from out of which grew a splendid crop of hay and oats. Last April, however, a well was sunk on the farm which yielded 400 barrels per day. Other wells were sunk, with nearly equal success, giving to the fortunate owner an income which is now $7000 a day—a revenue for a prince—which must, if it continues a year longer or more, make him one of the wealthiest capitalists in Pennsylvania.

DIAMOND HUNTERS. A number of Boston adventurers are about to proceed to Africa, to seek the shining treasures of the diamond fields. The British bark George T. Kemp, Capt. Whiting, arrived at that port Monday, fresh from the South African fields. The vessel will remain in port a few days, and on her return will take out as passengers about fifty citizens. They are mostly miners, who have had experience in California and Australia, and are familiar with the privations and excitement of a miner's life. The latest news from these new diamond fields indicates that these adventurers will be likely to have a hard time of it.

BROWN'S BRONICHAL TROCHES are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and other troubles of the throat and lungs. They are of great value for the purposes for which they are designed, and it should be known that while they are pleasantly efficacious, they contain no hurtful ingredients, but may at all times be used with perfect safety. We speak from personal experience when we commend them to persons afflicted with irritated throats, as thousands are, particularly at this season of the year.

As there are many imitations, ask for and obtain only "*Brown's Bronichal Troches,*" which by long experience have proved their value, having received the sanction of physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. (*Western World, Boston.*

Special Notices.

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1871, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of this year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. The Bitters are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world. 1m32

AN OLD STANDARD

Spring Medicine, and one of great efficacy, is "Poland's Humour Doctor," which has proved of great value to hundreds who have used it, for Salt Rheum, Scrofula, and other forms of impurity in the blood. There is nothing in this preparation that can harm; *the ingredients being all vegetable,* each of which is selected with the greatest care.

A Favorable Notoriety.--The good reputation and extended use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases has caused the Troches to be extensively imitated. Obtain only the *genuine* "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not be influenced by those who make more profit by selling worthless imitations.

The Blood owes its red color to minute globules which float in that fluid, and contain, in a healthy person, a large amount of Iron, which gives vitality to the blood. The Peruvian Syrup supplies the blood with this vital element, and gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

JUSTICE to yourself and friends requires that you should use that which will do you good when sick. The *White Pine Compound* will do you good in all cases of Lung, Throat and Kidney Complaints. It is a true article, as all who have used it will testify.

☞Imitations of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer are being thrust upon the market in great numbers; do not be deceived by them, but demand Hall's. 1m32

Married.

At Weeks Mills, China, Nov. 29th, by Wm. Percival, Esq., Emery Hewett to Miss Henrietta A. Parsons, both of China.

At Kent's Hill, Dec. 4th, by Rev. Parker Jaques, Mr. Wilks Everett Williams to Miss Nellie S. Jay, both of Readfield.

South Paris, Nov. 24th, Rev. F. W. Tolman of Farmington, and Miss Hattie A. Morton, of S. P.

Phillips, Nov. 24th, Mr. Charles Fairbanks to Miss Amelia A. Howard, both of P.

At Exeter, Mr. John J. Nutter to Miss Marietta, daughter of Nathan S. Wentworth.

At Easby Wilton, Nov. 29th, Mr. John P. Swain of Farmington, to Miss Rachel E. Phillips of Avon; Mr. Franklin Phillips of Avon, to Miss Mary Swain of Farmington.

Eastport, Nov. 28th, Mr. James Barnes to Miss Lavinia Turner, both of E.

Died.

At Wayne, Oct. 24th, Martha, adopted daughter of W. H. and Mary B. Rollins, aged 21 years and 4 mos.

At Rockland, Nov. 28th, Miss Mary E. Simmons, aged 17 years, 10 months.

At Hallowell Nov. 30th, Mr. John Robinson, aged 78 years.

At North Dixmont, Nov. 29th, Dea. Dexter Howe, aged 73 years.

At Dover, Nov. 21st, Mrs. Susan W. Palmer, aged 68 years and 6 months.

At Minot, Nov. 28th, Mr. Charles M. Hackett, aged 31 years and 9 months.

At Scarsport, Nov. 25th, Mrs. Elizabeth Crary, aged 79 years.

At Sangerville, Nov. 10th, Mrs. Louisa Drake, aged 66 years.

DR. SCHENCK ADVISES CONSUMPTIVES TO GO TO FLORIDA IN WINTER.

HAVING for the last thirty-five years devoted my whole time and attention to the study of lung diseases and consumption, I feel that I understand fully the course that ought to be pursued to restore a tolerably bad case of diseased lungs to healthy soundness. The first and most important step is, for the patient to avoid taking cold; and the best of all places on this continent for this purpose, in winter, is Florida, well down in the State, where the temperature is regular, and not subject to such variations as in more northern latitudes. Palatka is a point I can recommend. A good hotel is kept there by Peterman. Last winter I saw several persons there whose lungs had been badly diseased, but who, under the healing influence of the climate and my medicines, were getting well. One hundred miles farther down the river is a point which I would prefer to Palatka, as the temperature is more even and the air dry and bracing. Mellonville and Enterprise are located there. I should give a decided preference to Mellonville; it is two miles from river or lake, and it seems almost impossible to take cold there. The tables in Florida might be better, and patients complain at times; but that is a good sign, as it indicates a return of appetite, and when this is the case, they generally increase in flesh, and then the lungs must heal. Jacksonville, Hibernia, Green Cove, and many other places in various parts of Florida can be safely recommended to consumptives in winter. My reasons for saying so are, that patients are less liable to take cold there than where there is a less even temperature; and it is not necessary to say, that, where a consumptive person exposes himself to frequent colds he is certain to die shortly; therefore my advice is, go well down into the State, out of the reach of prevailing east winds and fogs. Jacksonville, or almost any other of the localities I have named, will benefit those who are troubled with a torpid liver, a disordered stomach, deranged bowels, sore throat, or cough; but, for those whose lungs are diseased a more southern point is earnestly recommended.

For fifteen years prior to 1869, I was professionally at Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia every week, where I saw and examined on an average five hundred patients a week. A practice so extensive, embracing every possible phase of lung disease, has enabled me to understand the disease fully, and hence my caution in regard to taking cold. A person may take vast quantities of "Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills," and yet die if he does not avoid taking cold.

In Florida, nearly everybody is using Schenck's Mandrake Pills, for the climate is more likely to produce bilious habits than more northern latitudes. It is a well-established fact, that natives of Florida rarely die of consumption, especially those of the southern part. On the other hand, in New England, one-third at least of the population die of this terrible disease. In the Middle States it does not prevail so largely; still there are many thousands of cases there. What a vast percentage of life would be saved if consumptives were as easily alarmed in regard to taking fresh colds as they are about scarlet fever, small-pox, &c.! but they are not; they take what they term a little cold, which they are credulous enough to believe will work right in a few days. They pay no attention to it; hence it lays the foundation for another and another still, until the lungs are diseased beyond all hope of cure.

My advice to persons whose lungs are affected, even slightly, is to lay in a stock of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic, and Schenck's Mandrake Pills, and go to Florida. I recompound these particular medicines, because I am thoroughly acquainted with their action. I know, that, where they are used in strict accordance with my directions, they will do the work that is required. This accomplished, nature will do the rest. The physician who prescribes for small, cough or night-sweats, and then advises the patient to walk or ride out—say! don't be sure to have a *corpse* on his hands before long.

My plan is, to give my three medicines in accordance with the printed direction, except in some cases where a free use of the Mandrake Pills is necessary. My object is, to give tone to the stomach,—to get up a good appetite. It is always a good sign when a patient begins to grow hungry: I have hopes of such. With a relish for food, and the gratification of that relish, comes good blood, and with it more flesh, which is closely followed by a healing of the lungs,—then the cough loosens and abates, the creeping chills and clammy night-sweats no longer prostrate and annoy, and the patient gets well, provided he avoids taking cold.

Now, there are many consumptives who have not the means to go to Florida. The question may be asked, Is there no hope for such? Certainly there is. My advice to such is, and ever has been, to stay in a warm room during the winter, with a temperature of about seventy degrees, which should be kept regularly at that point by means of a thermometer. Let such a patient take his exercise within the limits of the room by walking up and down as much as his strength will permit, in order to keep up a healthy circulation of the blood. I have cured thousands by this system, and can do so again. Consumption is as easily cured as any other disease, if it is taken in time, and the proper kind of treatment is pursued. The first stands unDisputed on record, that Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Mandrake Pills, and Seaweed Tonic have cured very many of what seemed to be hopeless cases of consumption. Go where you will, you will be almost certain to find some poor consumptive who has been rescued from the very jaws of death by their use.

So far as the Mandrake Pills are concerned, everybody should keep a supply of them on hand. They act on the liver better than calomel, and leave none of its hurtful effects behind. In fact, they are excellent in all cases where a purgative medicine is required. If you have partaken too freely of fruit, and diarrhœa causes, a dose of Mandrakes will cure you. If you are subject to sick headache, take a dose of the Mandrakes every night, and you may then drink water, and eat watermelons, pears, apples, plums, peaches, or corn, without the risk of being made sick by them. They will protect those who live in damp situations against chills and fevers. Try them. They are perfectly harmless. They can do you good only.

I have abandoned my professional visits to Boston and New York, but continue to see patients at my office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, every Saturday, from 9, A. M., to 3, P. M. Those who wish a thorough examination with the Respirometer will be charged five dollars. The Respirometer declares the exact condition of the lungs; and patients can readily learn whether they are curable or not. But I desire it distinctly understood, that the value of my medicines depends entirely upon their being taken strictly according to directions.

In conclusion, I will say, that when persons take my medicines, and their systems are brought into a healthy condition thereby, they are not so liable to take cold; yet no one with diseased lungs can bear a sudden change of atmosphere without the liability of greater or less irritation of the bronchial tubes.

Full directions in all languages accompany my medicines, so explicit and clear that any one can use them without consulting me, and can be bought from any druggist.

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.,
No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Agents. 1y50

Cure for Female Weakness.

MADE from an Indian recipe, is entirely vegetable, and is a certain cure. By enclosing stamp I will send you my circular. Manufactured and sold by Mrs. LINUS BELCHER, Randolph, Mass. For sale by G. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover, Boston, and all druggist. Price $1.00 a bottle. 8t1

First National Bank of Augusta.

Notice is hereby given, that the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the First National Bank of Augusta, for the choice of Directors will be held at the Banking Rooms of said Bank, on TUESDAY, the 10th day of January at 11 o'clock, A. M.

I. BOOTABY, Cashier.

Augusta, Dec. 5, 1870. 1w1

Chance for Business.

THE STOCK in trade together with tools, &c., of a Store and Tin Shop, doing a good business in Furnaces, Stoves and Tin Ware. With a lease of shop for one or three years if desired. Cheap rent and a good chance for a live man with a small capital. Satisfactory reasons given for selling. For terms, &c., call on or address

W. H. WOODBURY,
Augusta, Me.
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SOFTENING,
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Poetry.

DAME MARTHA'S WELL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Dame Martha bode in Sonderland,
A good and gentle dame;
When winter was long and the rich man hard,
To her the poor folk came.

The hungry ate out of her hand,
The sickly took her bed;
And to the sinful wrong doer
Sweet words of peace she said.

She was not rich in gold or gear,
But all might share her best;
Silver nor gold she could not give,
But the crust she gave was blest.

There came fierce foemen from afar,
Over the salt sea tide,
With fire and sword they laid full low
The hamlets far and wide.

From east to west in Sonderland
A fire ran bloody red;
Dame Martha's house was burned full low,
And its gentle lady fled.

She fled unto a lonely tower,
To the sad kirk-yard nigh,
Only the owl from its dark lair
Looked down with round bright eye.

Hungry and thirsty she abode
Unseen, apart from men,
Not a drop of all that she had given
Was given to her again.

But when the dark and bloody band
Again forsook that shore,
Dame Martha found her ruined house,
And built it up once more.

The hungry ate out of her hand,
The sickly took her bed,
And to the sinful wrong doer
Sweet words of peace she said.

For many a day unto her door
They came from far and wide;
But many a human wanderer wept
The day dame Martha died.

The kirk bell sounded sad and low,
Man, child, and woman wept;
Wearily to the sad kirk-yard
They bare her as she slept.

And when they passed the lonely tower
Where she in need had fled,
The bearers set the black bier down,
And prayed, and blessed the dead.

God's blessing on the gentle soul,
Not rich in gold and gear,
That in the midst of evil days
Gleans up like water clear.

And as they prayed with tearful eyes,
There sprang beneath the bier,
Out of the ground a limpid well,
Of water, crystal clear.

And in rocky Sonderland,
The village gossips tell,
The sick may drink and straight be healed,
Out of Dame Martha's well.

Like crystal clear, the gentle soul
Doth from the cold ground burst;
God bless the little wayside well,
Refreshing all that thirst!

Our Story Teller.

ROSA'S CROSS.

On a beautiful summer morning in the year 1846, the diligence, as usual, rolled rapidly over the well macadamized road from Antwerp to Turnhout.

Suddenly the postilion stopped before a modest inn, and there descended a single traveller, whose entire luggage consisted of a leather bag he carried slung over one shoulder. He entered the public-room of the inn, seated himself at the table, and ordered a mug of beer.

He was unusually tall, and seemed to be about fifty years of age. but would, certainly have been taken for considerably older, as he was very gray, and his face deeply lined, had it not been for the elasticity of his step, his animated look, and his almost youthful smile. His bearing was proud, manly and commanding.

His costume betokened him to be a well-to-do man of the middle classes, and would, probably, have attracted no attention if his coat had not been buttoned up to his chin—a peculiarity which, together with his large meerschaum pipe, might have led one to suspect he was either a military man or a German.

The inmates of the house, after serving him with what he demanded, seemed to give him no further thought, although his eyes followed each other with a certain wistful expression that appeared to say: "Do you not know me, then? not one of you?"

Suddenly the striking of a clock greeted his ear. The sound seemed to affect him unpleasantly, for an expression of pain flitted across his features. He arose, approached the clock, and looked at it, apparently lost in thought, until it had finished striking nine.

The landlady, observing something peculiar in his manner, also approached the time-piece and looked at it, as though she would discover what attracted the stranger.

"The bell has a good, clear ring, has it not, mynheer?" she asked. "Such a clock as that is not seen every day. For twenty years it has gone just as you see it going now, and it has not been in the hands of a clock-maker during all that time."

"Twenty years!" sighed the traveller. "And where is the clock that hung here formerly? And what has become of the image of the Virgin that stood on the mantel? Gone, destroyed, forgotten, perhaps?"

The old lady looked at the stranger astonished, and replied:

"Our Anna broke the image of the Virgin, playing with it when she was a child. As for the old clock, it stands in the next room. It is always too slow. You will hear it strike directly."

At that moment a peculiar sound was heard that was evidently intended to be an imitation of the cry, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" An expression of delight illuminated the stranger's features, and, accompanied by the landlady, he went into the adjoining room to see the old clock finish its song.

In the meantime the two daughters of the landlady approached the stranger, and fixed their big, blue eyes inquiringly on him.

He took them by the hand and said:

"My manner seems very strange to you, does it not? You cannot understand why the voice of the old cuckoo should affect me so deeply. Ah! I, too, was once a child; then my father came here on Sundays after the service, to drink his mug of beer. There I stood and waited till the cuckoo opened his little door; and I jumped and danced at its cry, and in my childish ignorance I thought it a wonderful work of art. And the image of the Virgin, that one of you destroyed, I loved, because it had such a beautiful blue mantle, and because the child reached out its little hands toward me and smiled. The child of those days is now nearly fifty years old; his hair is gray and his face deeply furrowed. Four and thirty years I have lived in the wilds of Russia, and yet I remember the image that used to sit on the mantel, and the old 'cuckoo,' as though it were but yesterday I saw them last."

"Are you, then, a native of our village?" asked Anna.

"Ah, yes!" answered the stranger, in a joyous tone; but his reply did not produce the effect anticipated. The girls only smiled, and seemed neither astonished nor rejoiced.

"But where is the old landlord, Joostens?" he asked.

"Jan, you mean," replied the landlady. "He has been dead these five-and-twenty years."

"And his wife, the good Pertinelle?"

"Also dead!" was the reply.

"Dead, dead!" sighed the stranger. "And the young shepherd, Andres, who could make such pretty baskets?"

"Dead also," replied the landlady.

The traveler let his head sink upon his breast, and fell into a sorrowful reverie. In the meantime the mother went out to the corn-house and told her husband of their strange guest.

The landlord entered the room with a heavy, sluggish step, and awakened the traveler out of his reverie with the noise of his wooden shoes. The latter arose and with outstretched arms hurried towards the landlord, who took his hand coldly and looked at him with an indifferent air.

"And you, too, Peter Joostens, you do not recognize me?" cried the stranger.

"No, I do not know that I have ever seen mynheer before," replied the landlord.

"Have you forgotten who dived under the ice at the risk of his own life, to rescue from drowning?"

"My parents often spoke of the time when I was near being drowned, but it was long Jan that got me out of the hole in the ice, and in the French times he was forced to go with the others into Napoleon's army. Who knows where he was buried, if he was ever buried at all! But, whether he was or was not, he was a noble fellow, and peace be to his soul!"

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the stranger, "now you know me! I am long Jan, or rather Jan Slaets." And as he did not get an immediate reply, he continued: "Do you not remember the young sharpshooter, who was the best shot in all the country round, and who was envied by all the fellows, because he was so much liked by the girls? I am he, Jan Slaets of the Dries farm."

"Is it possible?" asked the landlord incredulously; "but you must not take it amiss, mynheer, if I do not know you for all that."

Discouraged by the landlord's apparent determination not to recognize him, the traveler made no further effort to recall himself to his recollection.

"In the village there are surely many of my old friends, who will not have forgotten me," said he, more calmly, as he arose and prepared to go. "You, Peter Joostens, were too young to remember me; but the patter's son, Pauwel, I am sure, will receive me as a brother. He will not have forgotten me. Do they still live at the Moor?"

"Oh, there has been no pottery there for many years; it was burned down long, long ago."

"And what has become of Pauwel?"

"The whole family moved away after their misfortune. Pauwel is dead, very likely. But, mynheer, you speak of the times of our grandfathers. You will hardly find anybody about the village now that can answer all your questions, unless it is our old grave-digger. He can tell you all about the people who have lived about here for a hundred years past and longer."

"Very likely, for Peter Jan must now be more than ninety years old."

"Peter Jan? Our grave-digger's name is Lauw Stevens."

"Thank Heaven," cried the stranger, joyously, "that it has spared at least one of my comrades!"

"Was Lauw, then, one of your friends, mynheer?"

"My friend," replied the traveler, shaking his head, "I cannot say that exactly, as we were always quarreling; a love affair was the cause—I remember throwing him over the bridge once into the water, when he came near being drowned; but that is now near forty years ago. Lauw will be rejoiced to see me again I am sure."

He paid his reckoning, and, taking up his traveling-bag, bade the landlord good-morning, saying that he hoped to be his guest very often in the future.

He talked on, silent and sad, absorbed in recollections of his early years, until he reached a little bridge that spanned a rivulet which flowed through the outskirts of the village, when suddenly an indescribable, almost youthful smile for a moment dispelled the sadness of his mien.

"Here, for the first time, I pressed Rosa's hand," said he, in a tone full of feeling. "Here, for the first time, our eyes made the first confession that melts the heart and embraces the paradise of youth. Then, as now, the yellow iris reflected the rays of the summer's sun, and the larks sang as merrily in yonder meadow as they sing to-day.

"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "a feeling akin to jealousy possesses thy bosom, as though it were still the spring-time of thy heart. The years of love for thee are long since past; but it does not matter. If she only recognizes me, and still remembers the happy days when we were all the world to each other, then I shall not regret my long journey, but, consoled and content, I will go to my grave, beside those of my parents and early friends."

A little further on, he came to a pot-house. He entered, and ordered a glass of beer. Before the woman returned from the cellar, he recognized an old man, who sat near the door, as motionless as a statue, his eye fixed on the ground. The traveler hastily moved his chair near the old man's, and seizing his hand said:

"Thank Heaven that you have been allowed to live so long, Baas Joris! Do you not know me? No! the wild boy who used to crawl through your garden-hedge and carry off your apples before they were ripe?"

"Ninety-six," murmured the old man, without changing his position.

"Ay, truly you are very old," sighed Slaets. "But tell me, Baas Joris, is the wagon-maker's Rosa still living?"

"Ninety-six!" repeated the old man, in a louder tone.

At this moment the woman came in with the beer.

"He is blind and deaf, mynheer," said she to the traveler. "It is useless to speak to him; he cannot hear."

"Blind and deaf!" repeated Slaets, in despair.

"You asked after the wagon-maker's Rosa," said the woman. "Our wagon-maker has five daughters, but there is no Rosa among them. The eldest is called Beth; the second Gonde; the third, Annaken; the——"

"That is not the family at all," interrupted Slaets, impatiently; "I mean the family of Kob Meulincks."

"Oh, they are all long since dead, mynheer!" was the reply.

This intelligence went like a dagger to the heart of the poor traveler. He paid for his beer and left the house in feverish haste, murmuring:

"O, God, she, too! My poor Rosa dead, too! Forever and ever this inevitable dead! Is there, then, no one left who will extend to me the hand of recognition—no one who will welcome me back?"

With a heavy heart and unsteady step he entered the village. On his way he passed through the burying-ground; arrived at a cross near the middle of the cemetery, he stopped.

"Here it was," he whispered—"here, before this image of the Savior, that Rosa gave me her word to remain true and to await my return. We were overcome with grief. On this bench fell our tears. It seemed as though her heart would break when I hung around her neck the little golden cross, my last pledge of love and fidelity. Poor Rosa! perhaps I stand now upon thy grave!"

Absorbed in these mournful recollections, he sat down on the bench before him. As he looked about at the graves, old and new, he thought: "And my father and mother doubtless sleep in two of these,' but who shall tell me which they are?"

So for a long time he sat sorrowing over many a bright dream, that he now saw was never to be realized, until he was aroused from his mournful reverie by approaching footsteps.

Along the wall of the church-yard came the old grave-digger, his spade on his shoulder. He bore the unmistakable signs of age and poverty, and his shoulders were much bent by a life of labor. His hair was white, and his face deeply furrowed, there was, however, still something in his aspect that denoted strength and force of character.

The traveler knew Lauw, his rival, at a glance, and his first impulse was to hurry toward him; but the bitter disappointment he had met with deterred him, and he decided to wait and see if Lauw would recognize him.

The grave-digger approached within a few steps, and, after looking at the stranger intently for a few moments, he began to mark with his shovel the outlines of a new grave. And as he worked on, and now and then cast a side-glance at the man who sat before him on the bench, his little grey eye seemed to sparkle with a kind of malicious joy.

The traveler, deceived in the expression of the grave-digger's face, was overjoyed with the thought that Lauw would come to him and call him by name. Instead of which, however, the grave-digger, after scrutinizing him more closely, took from the pocket of his ragged vest a dirty old memorandum-book, and, turning away, seemed to write something in it.

This proceeding, together with the triumphant expression of the grave-digger's face, so surprised the traveler that he arose, and, approaching him, asked:

"What do you write in your little book?"

"That is my business," answered Lauw Stevens, "You have stood for many a long year on my list; I at last make a cross opposite your name."

"Then you recognize me?" cried the traveler joyously.

"Recognize you?" replied the grave-digger, "that I know not; but I remember as though it were it but yesterday, that a wicked, envious fellow once threw me over the bridge yonder into the water, because the wagon-maker's daughter Rosa loved me. Since then it's true, many summers and winters have passed, but—"

"Rosa loved you!" interrupted the stranger. It is not true; she never loved you."

"Ah, you know very well she did. Didn't she wear the silver ring I brought her from Scherbenheuvel for a whole year? And was it not you that took it from her, and threw it in the water?"

"Lauw, Lauw!" cried the traveler, smiling sadly, "we are children again in our recollection. Believe me, Rosa did not love you, as you supposed; it was only friendship that prompted her to take the ring. In my youth I was rough and unreasonable, and not always generous towards my comrades; but shall these five-and-thirty years, that have spared neither men nor things, not have cooled our wicked passions? Ah, Lauw, shall the only one who has not forgotten me be my enemy? Come, give me your hand; let us be friends; I will be yours to some purpose for the remainder of your life."

The grave-digger drew back his hand, and said, in a sullen tone:

"Forget! I forget you? It is too late—too late! It was you that destroyed my happiness in this life. Not a day has passed that I have not thought of you; and, think you, I have thought of you to bless you?"

Clasping his hands, and turning his eyes toward heaven, the traveler cried, in his despair:

"Oh God! does, then, hatred alone remember me?"

"You have done well," said the grave-digger, laughing exultingly, "in returning to sleep beside your forefathers. I have saved a good grave for you; I will put the proud 'Long Jan' under the eaves of the church yonder. There the rain will perhaps wash his body clean of its wickedness and malice."

For a moment the traveler was indignant, but his anger quickly gave place to a feeling of despondency and compassion.

"You refuse," said he, "to take the hand of one of the comrades of your youth who returns to his native village after an absence of more than thirty-five years. Oh, Lauw, is this noble or right? But, be it so. You certainly will not refuse to tell me where my parents are buried."

"I don't know," grumbled the grave-digger. "They have been dead for more than a quarter of a century, and since then I have three times dug a new grave on the same spot where they were buried."

In these words there was something terribly painful for Slaets; he fixed his eyes on the ground, and seemed a prey to the deepest despair.

The grave-digger resumed his work, but with a certain inertness, as though he, too, had suddenly become thoughtful. The malicious smile gave place to an expression of compassion when he saw how deeply he had wounded the heart of his comrade. He approached him slowly, took his hand, and in a tone low, but full of feeling, said:

"Jan, my old friend, forgive me for what I have said. I have spoken wickedly; but, Jan, you can never know what you have caused me to suffer."

"Lauw," cried Slaets, grasping the grave-digger's hand, "those were the errors of our youth. And see how little I remember our old enmity. It gave me indiscribable joy only to hear you call me by name, and I am very grateful to you for not forgetting me, although you have nearly broken my heart with your cruel mockery. And now, Lauw, tell me where Rosa lies buried. It will rejoice her in heaven to see us forget all our early rivalries and differences beside her last resting-place."

"Rosa buried!" exclaimed the old grave-digger. Would to Heaven she were buried, poor thing!"

"What? What do you say?" cried Slaets. "Does Rosa still live?"

"Yes, she lives," was the reply; if one can be said to live who has experienced her sad lot."

"Her sad lot! What do you mean? What misfortune has befallen her."

"She is blind."

"Blind! Rosa blind!"

And, overcome with grief, Slaets staggered back to the bench, and sank down upon it.

"She has been blind for these five years," continued the grave-digger, "and more she begs for her daily bread. I give her every week two stivers, and when we bake, there is always a loaf for her in the oven."

Slaets sprang to his feet, and grasping the grave-digger's hand, cried:

"Thanks, thanks, Lauw! Heaven will bless you for your kindness to her. But you shall be rewarded in this life, for I am rich, very rich. And now tell me where Rosa is, where she lives; I will go to her immediately. Every moment's delay is a moment of misery for us both."

"You see yonder, on the side of the hill, a little cabin," said the grave-digger, pointing to a hill in the outskirts of the village; she lives there with the broom-maker. Nelis Oems."

Without a moment's delay, Slaets started off in the direction indicated, and soon reached the modest but tidy abode of the broom-maker.

About the door played four small children in the sun. They were bare-footed, and not more than half-clothed. The eldest, a boy six or seven years old, gazed at the stranger with a certain intentness that partook us much of wonder as of boldness, while his three little sisters looked at him timidly, and sought to avoid observation.

Slaets said a kind word or two to the children, and immediately entered the cabin, where he found the broom-maker busily employed in one corner, while his wife was occupied in spinning.

The entrance of a stranger did not seem to surprise them. They evidently thought he wanted to inquire his way, and the man arose and was about to go to the door and point it out to him, when Slaets, in a tone that betrayed his agitation and impatience, asked: "Does not Rosa Meulincks live here?"

"Yes, mynheer," answered the broom-maker, after a moment's hesitation, in which he exchanged a look of astonishment with his wife; "Rosa lives here, but she went out begging about an hour ago. Do you wish to see her?"

"See her? Yes," replied Slaets, impatiently. "Can she not be found immediately?"

"That would not be so easy, mynheer. She has gone with our Trientje to make her weekly round; but she is sure to be back in about an hour."

"Will you allow me to wait for her?" asked Slaets.

"Certainly, mynheer!" replied the broom-maker placing a chair near the door for the stranger, who was hardly seated when he felt a little hand laid softly on his. He looked round. There stood the little boy he had seen before the door, looking up at him with his big blue eyes as though he were an old acquaintance.

"Come here, Peterken!" cried the mother, "you must not be so bold, my child."

Peerken, however, paid no attention to this admonition, but continued to look up into the face of the stranger, and to stroke his hand.

"You are a fine little fellow," said Slaets, "and what beautiful blue eyes you have! You shall have something, sir, for being so good."

So saying, he gave some small coins to the boy, who looked at them with wonder and delight, but he did not let go of the stranger's hand.

"Peerken," said the mother, "why don't you thank mynheer, and kiss his hand?"

The boy kissed Slaets' hand, and then, peering up into his face, said in a clear voice: "I thank you very much, Myheer Jan!"

An earthquake would hardly surprised Slaets more than the pronouncing of his name by this innocent child. Tears, in spite of him, came into his eyes. He took the boy on his lap, and looking him full in the face, as though he would assure himself of the reality of what he heard, exclained: "What! do you know me—me, whom you have never seen before? Who taught you my name?"

"Blind Rosa," answered the child.

"But how is it possible that you should recognize me?"

"Ah! I knew it was you right off," said Peerken. When I go out to beg with Rosa, she always talks about you, and says that you are so tall, and have such sharp, black eyes, and that you would come back some day and bring us all a great many nice things. And I am not afraid, for Rosa said you would like me, and bring me a big bow and arrow."

Slaets pressed the child to his bosom, and kissed him tenderly; then turning to his parents, he said:

"Your little Peerken here shall be rich. His support and education shall be my care. By recognizing me he has made his fortune."

The parents were overcome with astonishment and joy. The man finally stammered:

"Ah, you are too good. We thought it was you, but we were not quite sure. Rosa did not tell us that you were a rich mynheer."

"And you knew me, too?" cried Sleats, "I am, then, among friends; I, at least, find some one who welcome me—here, where, till now, I have been met by nothing but death and forgetfulness—"

"Every Saturday evening," said the woman, "Rosa burns a taper for the return—or for the soul of Jan Slaets."

Slaets raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "God be thanked that He has made love stronger even than hatred. My enemy remembered me only to curse me; but Rosa—she lived in her recollection, beautifying all around her with her love, preserving my remembrance, and making it beloved,"

When Slaets had in a measure regained his composure, he turned to the woman and asked if Rosa had lived with them long,

"I will tell you, mynheer," said the broom-maker's wife, "how that came about. You must know that, when the old wagon-maker died and the children divided his little property, Rosa—she could never be induced to marry, you can imagine why—well, Rosa gave her share to her brother, on condition that he would give her a home for the rest of her life. Now, more than ever, she gave herself up to nursing the sick and helping the poor; and so when, after we had been married about a year, my husband fell sick, and was not able to work for a long time, Rosa did everything for us she could; and, but for her, I am sure he would have died."

"You ought to be, and doubtless are, very grateful to her," said Slaets.

"Ay, that we are, mynheer, that we are!" replied the broom-maker.

"Well, a few months later," continued the woman, "Heaven sent us the little boy you have on your lap—Rosa wanted to be the child's godmother, and Peter, my husband's brother, was to be godfather. Well, Rosa wanted the child called Joannes, but the godfather insisted it should be called Petrus, after him. So, after a long discussion, the child was baptized Joannes Petrus. We call him always Peerken, because his uncle would be angry if we called him by his other name; but Rosa always calls him Jannecken, and the child knows he is called so, because it is your name, mynheer."

Slaets pressed the boy Peerken to his bosom with all the tenderness of a parent, while the woman continued:

"Rosa's brother had entered into some speculation with a man in Antwerp, and thought he was going to make a fortune; but, instead of that, he lost all he had, and more too; and then, poor, man, he died soon afterward of grief. Rosa then went to live with the Flink family there on the corner. She had not been there long when young Flink came home on leave of absence—he was a soldier—with a bad disease of the eyes. In nursing him Rosa caught the same disorder; and, in two weeks, she was blind. Then we asked her to come and live with us—"

"But she begs," said Slaets.

"Yes; but mynheer, that is not our fault," replied the woman, in a tone that showed her pride was touched. "You must not think we have forgotten what Rosa did for us. For more than six months we prevented it; but as our family increased very fast, she was afraid she was a burden to us when she wanted to be of assistance, so beg she would; and, finally, we were compelled to let her. She forces us sometimes to accept a portion of what is given her—we cannot always be contending with her—but we return it all two-fold; for, although she does not know it, she is better dressed than we are, and has better food; there is always an extra dish for her at dinner. See, there it is now before the fire."

Having finished her narrative, and seeing that mynheer was absorbed in reflection, the woman resumed her spinning. After maintaining a strict silence for some moments, Slaets suddenly put the child on the ground, and turning to the broom-maker, said in a peremptory tone:

"Put away your work!"

The broom-maker was startled at this commanding tone, and arose, unable to make any reply.

"Away with your work, I say, and give me your hand, Farmer Nelis."

"Farmer?" murmured the broom-maker, still more astonished.

"Come, come!" cried Slaets; "throw your broom-corn out of doors, or into the fire, if you like; I will give you a hide of land, some cows and horses, and whatever else is necessary to a complete establishment. Do you not believe me?" he continued, showing the bewildered broom-maker a handful of gold. "I could give you this money, but I esteem you too highly to offer you money. I will make you the possessor of a farm; and, as for your children, I will be their benefactor even after my death."

The good people looked at each other with tears in their eyes, and seemed to doubt their senses. As Slaets was about to repeat his promises, Peerken grasped his hand as though he had something to say to him.

"What is it, my child?" he asked.

"Mynheer Jan," replied the boy, "see, the people are coming in from the fields. I know where I can find Rosa now. Shall I go and meet her, and tell her you have come?"

Slaets seized the child's hand, saying: "Come, come, lead me to her!"

The child led the way hastily toward the middle of the village. As they passed along, the people came out of their houses, or stopped in the road to gaze at them, as though they saw something wonderful. The villagers could not understand what the rich gentleman, who seemed to them to be a baron, at least, could have in common with the broom-maker's Peerken. And still greater was the astonishment when they saw the stranger stoop and kiss the child. The only solution that any of them suggested to the mystery was, that the rich gentleman had bought the boy of his parents in order to adopt him as his own. This was something that occasionally occurred in the neighborhood, and was more likely to occur in Peerken's case than in that of most poor children; for, with his big blue eyes and profusion of blonde curls, he was, undoubtedly, the handsomest little boy in the village.

In the meantime, Slaets, lead by Peerken, walked on. The whole village appeared to him in rose-colored light; the foliage of the trees in a peculiarly brilliant green; the air to be laden with sweet odors, and the birds to sing in clearer tones than he had ever heard them before.

Suddenly Peerken pulled him vigorously by the hand, and cried at the top of his voice:

"See, see! yonder comes Rosa with our Triensje!"

At that moment there emerged from a cross-street, some two hundred yards distant, a blind woman, led by a little girl five or six years of age.

Instead of hurrying forward, Slaets involuntarily paused to contemplate the melancholy picture before him. Was this, indeed, his Rosa? Was this the beautiful, fresh, joyous young girl whose image had so long been engraved in his heart? The woman he now beheld was pale, thin, gray-haired, and bore the burden of at least half-a-hundred years.

These reflections were only momentary: he quickly hurried forward to meet the friend of his youth. When he had arrived within, perhaps twenty yards of her, he could contain himself no longer, but cried out, "Rosa! Rosa!"

At the sound of Slaet's voice the blind woman withdrew her hand from that of her little guide, and trembling with sudden emotion she stretched out her arms, exclaiming: "Jan! O Jan!" Then hastily drawing forth something from her bosom, and breaking the band on which it was suspended around her neck, she hurried toward Slaets, holding up a little golden cross; and he, unmindful of the curious villagers who gathered around, received her tenderly in his manly arms.

"O Jan! O Jan! at last, at last!" she exclaimed, and sank upon his generous breast; while Peerken danced and clapped his hands, and cried: "It is 'Long Jan' come back again! It is Mynheer 'Long Jan!'"

The Mechanism of Thought.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clinking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled forehead. If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought, and image after image jarring through the overtired! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds these weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest, that this dreadful mechanism unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday. Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos, that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath, that they take counsel of the grim fiend who has but to enter his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor. Under that building which we pays three years that are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bedcord, nor drinking vessels from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remember that—the kind fathers—and the walls are nicely padded; so one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself. If any body would really contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust among the works of this horrid automaton, and check them or alter the rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery. Men are very apt to try to get at the machine by some indirect system or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium; they change the maddening monotony of the rythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up and we cannot touch its movements directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which we may reach the interior, alter its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine.

The Wrong Business.

Many a man is on the wrong road altogether with respect to his profession. We have known an artist whose true vocation was a linen draper; and more than one tradesman, with all his head and heart in art, a very bad bargainer, but a good judge of colors, and a capital hand at dressing out a window; a solicitor ground down to a desk, whose native road lay along the sea beach, and between the storm and the flood; a clergyman, who would have been more at home in a carpenter's shop than in the pulpit; and an actress, whose *beau ideal* of human life was a farm-house down in the remote country, where she might feed her ducks and chickens herself, and superintend the dairy and the baking. Now all these people were on wrong roads of life; consequently, could never cultivate the hedge-side properly, but were forced to be content with sloes, and hips, and blackberries, and anything else that came handy and by the grace of nature; never able to raise a bushel of grain for harvest time, or to gather their own apples for winter storage. If they had been on the right track for each, they might have cultivated every square foot of their portions, and then the world would have had so much added harmony between character and circumstances, and so much more faithful work heartily performed, which is always a gain to the world, never too rich in pilgrims going the right road to Mecca,

Friday.

The general prevalence of the superstition as to Friday has lately received curious confirmation. M. Minard, a French authority, states that Friday in France is considered an unlucky day, the number of travelers being smaller on that day, even in omnibus traffic, and the English Registrar General in his last report says; "Seamen will not sail, women will not wed, on a Friday, so willingly as on other days of the week.

Out of 4,057 marriages in the midland districts of England, not 2 per cent, were celebrated on Friday, while 32 per cent, were entered into Sunday. The next in favor was Monday with 21 per cent. then Saturday with 17 per cent. Per contra, Mr. Watson, the City Chamberlain of Glasgow, in his last statistical report, says, "It is a well established fact that nine-tenths of the marriages in Glasgow are celebrated on Friday; only a few on Tuesday and Wednesday; Saturday and Monday are still more rapidly adopted, and I never heard of a marriage on Sunday in Glasgow."

So that, in Scotland, Friday is the lucky day of the week, at least for marriage. In this country few people pay attention to the superstition which marks Friday as an unlucky day.

Our Young Folks Column.

VACATION-TIME.

Where is the school-boy? On his well-worn desk
The latest shape grotesque,—
Which in the outflow of exuberant life,
The overplus of health,
He carved by stealth,
With restless hand and knife,—
Seems an antique, it lies so dim and gray
In dust he raised, and none has wiped away.

Where is he? Ask the dizziest squirrel-track;
Ask the bold cliffs that give his war-whoop back;
Ask of the waves that rock his tipsy keel;
Ask of the fish that quiver in his creel;
Ask of the early fruit, whose pattering fall
Makes mellow music on the orchard wall;
Ask of the board he seeks, a famished guest;
Ask the lunch-basket, in whose generous breast
Hides no sweet secret, guarded from his quest.

Where is the school-boy? Well,
Where he's not is less to tell;
Not in the city's sweltering streets,
Not in the stained and battered school-room seats;
Paper, and ink, and pen,
He leaves for those who can't be boys again,
But who, henceforward, must be men.

Not in the haunts of trade,
Where wealth is made,
Nor yet in learning's or in fashion's halls,
Or any other place shut in by walls,
The school-boy's shadow falls.

Prone on the grass he loves to lie,
With nought between him and the sky;
He loves to breast the swelling waves,
With the full stress his high-strung muscles crave,
And finds wild joy where some have found a grave.

He loves to fill the shadowy woodland ways
With pitfalls, snares and traps,
Where the shy partridge nests with dire mishaps,
And the young rabbit ends his innocent days.

He climbs the tallest trees,
And in the topmost fork sits perched at ease;
Then, down some long branch, clinging like a oat,
Reckless of shoe or hat,—
His blue veins tingling with the perilous zest
Of his forbidden quest,
He finds, what he has left,—an empty nest.
—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

From Little Corporal for December.

A Boy's True Story.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.*

I was born in Texas. My first recollection is of Indians, coming in daylight, and driving off our horses. My father and the herdsman were out, and had a hard ride to escape the arrows. One stuck in my father's hat, and I have it now. My mother was so alarmed that she fainted. I remember well how pale and beautiful she looked, as my father rubbed her hands and bathed her face. I stood by. It was the first time I had ever felt or thought much. Presently she openedher eyes, and loo king at me said:

"My darling, kneel down here by me, and let us thank God that your father was not killed to-day."

I did so, my father standing near.

After this, my mother taught me, daily, how to say my name, my father's name, and the name of the State and county where I lived, that if I should be taken by the Indians, and ever escape, or be bought from them, I might be able to tell who I was, where I came from.

When I was large enough to ride, my father gave me a pony, a beautiful iron gray, very gentle and very swift. I soon learned to ride him, and to love him. One doy, after I had owned the pony a long time, and could well, ride I was out with father, hunting cattle. Presently we saw the cattle running in every direction, and one cow came up to us, with an Indian arrow sticking in her side. My father said:

"Now, my boy, we must ride for life. Your pony can outrun my horse, try to get home, my son."

I started, under whip and spur. I was excited, and afraid. The dust nearly blinded me; but I knew my pony was taking me home. I heard a great crash among the rocks behind me, and a groan. I stopped and looked back. My father was just behind me. His horse had been stricken with an arrow, and had fallen under him. I jumped down and said:

"Papa, mount; pony can take us both home!"

I felt like a man, when papa said, "God bless you, my son." And we both got home, safe and sound, on the dear, good pony.

My mother was always uneasy about me and father, when we were out looking after stock, so father concluded to sell his horses and cattle, and leave the frontier. I was old enough now to be at school, and father thought my education must not be neglected. We packed up provisions for two three days, and took long ropes to stake our horses on the grass, and started out with a number of herders to gather the stock.

Mother bade us good bye with tears in her eyes, and said; "I hope this is the last time my dear ones will ever go out from me, in this wild country."

We had been out two doys and were very luckly in our hunt. Father and I were a little way from the herders, lying on our blankets talking. Father was telling what I must do if the Indians should ever kill him, when we saw about twenty-five savages charing right down upon us. Father took his six shooter from his belt, and was saying to me,

"Remember, my son, what I have told you. The Indians may kill me and take you captive. Be a brave, good boy, and try to get back to your mother.

I had a Derringer pistol, and took it in my hand; I hardly knew what for, but thought maybe I could kill an Indian. Most of the herdsmen, I think got away; but my poor father was surrounded. He fought till he fell, then one big Indian cut round his head with a knife, tore off his scalp, and struck me in the face with it. All the time of the fight, I do not think I moved. I felt paralyzed. But my father's blood struck in my face roused me. Without thinking of the consequences, I fired my Derringer at the savage, and he fell. Immediately I was thrawn down and tied, hands and feet with raw-hide strings, rolled and kicked about in the dirt, and much of my hair pulled out. Then I was bound flat to the back of a horse, and started off on a gallop,

After the Indians had got over the river, with all the horses they had stolen, they unbound me, took me off the horse, and loosed my hands and feet, which were badly cut and swollen. My head ached, O, so badly! and my eyes seemed to be balls of fire. My tongue was so swelled and dry that it stuck out of my mouth. But I remembered all except the ride. That seemed to have been years ago. The Indians had got home, I reckon, for there were some tents, and squaws and children; and I saw my father's fine horse, and my dear pony.

I could not get on my feet, though my bonds were loose. One old squaw brought her little boy where I lay, and made him spit upon me. Then she went away, and the boy stooped down and felt my tongue, then brought some water and poured upon it, and put some in my mouth, and a portion ran down my throat. After that I slept a long time, I reckon, for the sun was rising when I awoke, so thirsty and hungry, as stiff and sore. I had been lying in the dew all night. The good boy that spit on me the day before, brought me some more water and some meat. I drank and ate, and then I remembered what my father had told me, "to be a brave boy, good boy, and try to get back to my mother."

I prayed to God, as my mother had taught me from infancy, that He would take me home.

I do not know how long I had been with the Indians, but I got well and strong, and had learned a good many things from them, such as swimming, shooting with bow and arrows, and to live a long time without eating. They had left off sticking me with arrows and throwing me into the river, and were as kind as they knew how to be. My boy friend was very good; but all my thoughts and prayers were about making my escape. I was always watching for a chance.

One evening the hunters brought up their horses, and "hoppled" them near the camp. My pony was with them. I did not sleep that night. There was no moon, but a little starlight. I prayed God to help me; and as soon as all was still, I crawled softly out to where I had seen the horses, soon found my pony, and with a tug that was round his neck, and his "hopples," I made a "bosall" round his nose, and mounted him. He was fat and fresh, and the grass did not grow under his feet. I had no idea where we were going, but pony knew. We traveled all night and till sunrise next morning, then I thought we had better rest. So we went into a snug little "mot" of timber, where there was some grass, and pony browsed and grazed; but I held him all the while. I cannot describe how joyous and free I felt. I believed that God was taking me home.

I was afraid to ride in the daytime, in that strange, Indian country, so when I thought pony was full, I hoppled him, and soon he lay down, and then I lay down and went to sleep. When I awoke the sun was down and pony was standing by me. I thanked God for his goodness, and we started on our journey. Next morning after daylight we came into a road, and this helped me greatly. I was nearly starved, for I had eaten nothing since I left the Indians. Pony, though he had traveled all night, now started off in a canter, and then he neighed, and very soon ran into a camp of white hunters. With them I ate and slept, and in a few days they took me home. When my father was brought to her, murdered and scalped, and her only child taken off by Indians, her heart was broken, and she prayed for death. I told her what my father had said, and that it was for her sake that I had dared to make my escape; and she said:

"God forever bless my child; be to him a father and mother and guide, and direct him in all things. And, my son, when I am dead, go to your grandmother. She is childless and lonely, and though I was disobedient, and she never forgave me, I think she will be kind to you for my sake."

When mother was buried, I and pony started for grandmother's. We are with her now, and she is kind to us.

*The boy who wrote this story of his own adventure is now going to school in Texas.

Humor and Anecdote.

House Painting.

There are a number of things concerning which I am possessed of profound ignorance. Among these may be numbered the fine arts. With regard to the coarse arts, such as house painting, I have recently learned a few lessons from experience. I consider experience a thorough teacher; but his charges for tuition are perhaps rather high.

Maria Ann said we must have the house repainted, and as what Maria Ann says must be and generally is, I at once went and made a bargain with a house painter. He said he would send his painters round. The next morning I got my breakfast and started out to earn my bread by the perspiration of my classic brow. I opened the door and put my foot into a tin pail full of paint. Then I took it out and set it on the hall door mat. Maria Ann assisted me from there, and I took a flying leap over the painter to the sidewalk. The painters painted the fence and the front steps this forenoon. All who came to see us either painted their hands on the gate and left prints thereof on the chairs, or else printed their soles on the steps, and tracks all over the parlor carpet. The cat laid down on the steps to sleep in the sun, and the paint dried so fast that when she